THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JANUARY, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *JOHN WALCOTT, M. D.*

Commonly known by the name of PETER PINDAR, Esq.

AT the commencement of a NEW YEAR we are happy in presenting our readers with the Life of a man, whose genius and talents have excited the admiration of the public. His writings, though by no means unexceptionable, are characterised by a wonderful acuteness, and by a sprightliness of wit which have in few instances been exceeded. Satire has its use in society. And various kinds of animadversion are suited to the various vices and corruptions of mankind. We shall not only detail the incidents of his life, but fairly appreciate the merit and tendency of his numerous and eccentric productions.

DR. WALCOTT was born at Dodbrook, near Kingsbridge, in that part of Devonshire which has been so justly called, The Garden of Eng-

land. His education was first conducted by a quaker, in the vicinity of the place where he was born. He was then sent to France, and there his studies were completed.

The uncle of our bard living at Fowey, in Cornwall, as surgeon and apothecary, trained up his nephew to succeed him in business. His medical knowledge of course was at this time acquired. He conducted himself in a manner which did him credit, and cultivated a propensity for drawing, to which he had been addicted.

Sir William Trelawney, a relation and friend of the family, being appointed governor of Jamaica, in the year 1769, Dr. Walcott felt an inclination to accompany him. His uncle was not pleased with the measure, but his remonstrances were not attended with success. He at last complied; and the nephew having received a medical degree, set sail for that distant part of the world. It was, however, a disappointment to the uncle, and therefore his consent was matter of gratification.

In the prosecution of the voyage, the ship in which he had embarked touched at *Madeira*, a cluster of islands which, in such voyages, are often frequented. The scenery of this sequestered spot has been often celebrated. Here, therefore, he penned some exquisite sonnets, which are admired for their beauty and simplicity.

On his arrival at Jamaica he practised as physician, and was, in length of time, appointed physician-general of the island. How long he

continued in this situation we cannot precisely say, but from his experience and industry, we are assured that he acquitted himself with ability.

The incumbent of a living in Jamaica dying, the physician officiated for some time in that capacity. What induced him to quit his medical profession we presume not to determine; certain it is that a wishful eye (as one of his biographers expresses it) was cast towards the vacant rectory.

He, however, returned to England, and finally settled at Truro, in Cornwall, where he again resumed the medical character, and practised with success. During the present period of his practice in this remote part of England, the good Doctor discovered that satirical vein by which he has been since distinguished. It is confidently said, that his natural propensity was the means of occasioning some trouble to him. He ridiculed pomposity, and lashed it with a becoming severity.

At this time it was that Dr. Walcott had it in his power, and embraced the opportunity, of bringing forward Mr. John Opie, who, as a painter, has attained to eminence in his profession. He was only a sign-painter; being actually a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house-carpenter! From this obscure destination he was rescued by the subject of our memoir, and has become an honour to his country.

This celebrated painter received his first instructions from Dr. Walcott; he furnished him with materials, and gave him lessons. Having

made a rapid progress, Opie went to Exeter, where, by sketching the likenesses of some of its citizens, he obtained both reputation and money. From this place he removed to London, where he has reached to a distinguished reputation.

We are not sure that Dr. Walcott at this period wrote much; his translation of a Latin epigram, however, was admirable; he produced it in a few minutes—it is as follows:—

Come, gentle sleep, attend thy vot'ry's prayer,
And tho' death's image to my couch repair;
How sweet tho' lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And without dying, O how sweet to die!

These lines are happy—they express what we all feel—they hold up the sensations which we cannot fail of experiencing every time we resign ourselves to the soothing influence of oblivion.

Our author's first literary production, at least that which attracted public notice, was his *Epistle to the Reviewers*, in the year 1782; this piece was fraught with so much humour, that the public were instantly struck with it; its circulation was great, and some of the sentiments are truly laughable: we shall add a few stanzas, for we deem it, on the whole, the happiest satire that ever fell from his pen.

Fathers of wisdom, a poor wight befriend;
Oh! hear my simple prayer in simple lays,
In *formâ pauperis* behold I bend,
And of your worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame d'ye see,
I ask not all the laurel, but a sprig;
Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,
And stick a leaf or two about my wig!

At the close of this same performance, Peter is not quite so modest, but rather rude in his suggestions.

Whether in gorgeous raiment ye appear,
Or tatters ready from your backs to fall;
Whether with pompous wigs to guard each ear,
Or whether you've no wigs nor ears at all:

Whether ye look like gentlemen or thieves—
I hate usurpers of the critic throne,
Therefore, *his* compliments the poet gives,
And humbly hopes you'll let his lines alone:

Stay till he asks your thoughts, ye forward sages,
Officiousness the modest bard abjures;
'Tis surely pert to meddle with *his* pages,
Who never deign'd to look in one of *yours!*

In 1785 his *Lyric Ode to the Royal Academicians*, appeared, which though possessed of considerable merit, was marked by too much severity. Mr. West, the historic painter, is treated most cavalierly; for this we see no good reason; the artist has produced several pieces which will go down with admiration to posterity.

But it was about this time he wrote and published his chief satirical production, called the LOUSIAD, a mock heroic poem.—One of his biographers states the origin of this lively piece in the following words:—"His majesty, one afternoon at dinner, actually observed the insect, from which the poem is named, upon his plate among some green peas. This offensive

object occasioned a decree to issue forth, that all the cooks, scullions, &c. in the royal kitchen, should have their heads shaved. Great murmurings were excited by this mandate, but the law, like that of the Medes and Persians, was irrevocable. On this incident Peter formed his exquisite production, and it was the *truth* of it alone that exempted him from prosecution." There are several parts, or cantos, in the *Lousiad*, and they were published at different times, so that it was by no means at once completed.

His next publication was an Epistle to James Boswell, Esq. the biographer of Johnson, occasioned by his attending the great Colossus of Modern Literature to the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland. It was followed soon by his very humourous piece, entitled, Bozzi and Piozzi, in which he exposes *tittle-tattle* biographers with an uncommon degree of felicity.

Besides these there were a great many other publications fell from his fruitful pen, particularly his *Majesty's Visit to Whitbread's Brewhouse*, replete with wit and humour; and his *Emperor of Morocco*, addressed to Sir Joseph Banks, a truly laughable story; the zeal of the naturalist in pursuing a butter-fly over the glasses of cucumber-beds, &c. is ridiculed after a manner which possesses a striking originality.

Indeed, the number and acceptance of his publications have been such, that they were spread into almost every part of the globe. Never did any satirist enjoy more success. Those who reprobated his political sentiments, and were indignant at his want of respect for

authority, could not read his effusions with an unruffled gravity.

At the same time we must protest against the abuse of such talents; his writings, we are sorry to say, are by no means free, either from profanity, or obscenity. They must, therefore, be read, particularly by young persons, with great caution. The muse, being of celestial origin, ought never to violate the sacred rules of religion and morality.

DR. WALCOTT, it is said, is at present in easy circumstances, owing to the success of his works, and he even still practises with success in asthmatic complaints. He also has, as we have already related, a taste for painting, in which he indulges himself. In conversation we are assured, he is not striking, though his productions are characterised with such an extraordinary degree of archness and vivacity.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 82.

INFANCY; OR, THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

IN SIX BOOKS.

By Hugh Downman, M. D.

WE shall now proceed to gratify our readers, by bringing forward a poem of exquisite merit, not only replete with instruction, conducive to the welfare of the rising genera-

tion, but abounding with lines written under the inspiration of genuine poetry. It has passed through many editions, and the two first books of it shall be made the topic of our present consideration.

Addressing his muse, the poet thus opens his subject :—

——— Come virgin teach
How on the government of these *first* years
Depends the *future man*---no vulgar theme,
No fruitless task—experiencing thy aid!

The blessing of *health* is thus sweetly depicted :

Health is the greatest blessing man receives
From bounteous heaven ; by her the smiling hours
Are wing'd with transport ; she too gives the soul
Of firmness ; without her the hand of toil
Would languid sink—the eye of reason fade!

The *call* on mothers to rear their tender offspring is well expressed.

Would thou thy children blest? The sacred voice
Of Nature calls thee :—where *she* permits the way,
Tread confident. No labyrinth is here;
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need.
To Theseus given---fair is her open path,
And strong the steady light she casts around---
Instinctive light! the surest, safest guide!

The child entrusted to a stranger's hand, is thus affectionately, and justly addressed :—

——————— Unblown flower!
Soft bud of spring! Planted in foreign soil
How wilt thou prosper! Brush'd by hotter winds

In a new clime, and fed by other dews
Than suit thy nature! From a stranger's hand--
Ah! what can infancy expect, when she,
Whose essence was inwove with thine, whose life,
Whose soul thou didst participate, neglects
Herself in thee, and breaks the strongest seal
Which nature stamp'd in vain upon her heart.

The poet then indignantly quits the subject, and exclaims:—

——— Enough of these; the muse beholds
With rapture some of other kind.---O! hail
Ye real mothers! Ye whose hearts are full
Of sensibility! who, highly pleased,
Would not for all the gew-gaws pride can boast,
Loosen the magic knot which joins in one
Your babes and you, or see a hireling share
The love which to a mother all belongs!

Having expatiated on the force of *habit*, the poet concludes the first book with these lines:—

——— Still may I bend
Before thy shrine, O HABIT! when thy rules
With nature's disagree not; neither then
May we unpunish'd break the clue in vain.
Shalt thou attempt to fasten round my heart,
For know that REASON, and her sister form,
Fair Virtue, can untwist thy magic cords;
And to their will, tho' not annihilate,
Can all thy laws attemper and refine!

At the beginning of the second book he thus vindicates the importance of his subject:—

——— Subjects, such as these,
Oft have the sages of old Greece or Rome,
In studious mood employed:—full well they knew,
That from the birth those heroes must be form'd,

Whom Athens might with future joy admire,
Or hardy Sparta---heroes who might urge
To their sublimest pitch the rights of men---
Brave every danger for their country's cause,
And make the Persian tremble tho' inclos'd
By countless millions;---heroes who might act
Deeds which the Gracchi would not blush to own,
Or Scipio, bravest, noblest of mankind!

The Address to the Ladies is elegant and impressive.

——— Polishers of life!
Sweeteners of savage care! who tune the breast
To harmony, or prompt to glorious deeds,
And emulative toil. To friendship's flame,
To gratitude, how exquisitely true!
Who tender confidence repay with love.
Integrity, unshaken faith most pure;
Warm, zealous, loyalty!---with honour clad
As with a robe, and beauteous ornaments
Of unaffected modesty!

The book closes with a beautiful apostrophe to Domestic Happiness, with which our readers will be gratified.

——— Mistaken men!
Who lose the better portion of their time---
The dear *domestic hour*---the converse bland---
Fruition of the soul---love's balmy zest,
Which never cloys---parental cares conjoin'd---
Divided griefs---reciprocal delights---
The life of nature, reason, virtue, bliss!

In our next we shall enter on the third and fourth books of this elegant and delightful poem. Poetry is doubly valuable when it thus unites amusement and instruction.

Islington. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF THE MERCIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

ADDISON.

THROUGH the kind Providence of God we are brought to see the beginning of another year. The mercies which we have received from his bountiful hands call for our warmest gratitude: and cold must that heart be, which is not sensible of the divine goodness. The blessings of this life call for our grateful acknowledgments; and when we reflect on them, we are unable fully to recount them. Our health and strength are blessings which we can never be thankful enough for, whilst thousands have in the past year been deprived of them. "It is in God we live, move, and have our being." And it is through his paternal care that we are brought to see a new year. Food and raiment are generally considered common mercies, but we are bounden to praise God for them: that we live in a country where decency is the characteristic of the inhabitants: whereas the manners and dress of savages are so very offensive to modesty and decorum.

We ought to be thankful for the cheering sun, and the vital air; for the beauties of the spring, the warmth of the summer, and the bounties of autumn. That the paths of Providence have been so agreeable; that friends have been kind, and enemies have not been permitted to hurt us; that we have escaped many snares and dangers; that wasting sickness has not brought us to the grave; that we have been kept from enormous crimes, into which many have fallen; that divine grace has pardoned the common infirmities of human life, so that, at the commencement of a new year, we can exclaim with the pious psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine inequities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness, and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

On the beginning of a new year, the reflections of Sturm are so very apposite, that there needs no apology for their introduction in this essay.

"The Lord who gave me being, takes in at one glance (which nothing can deceive) each week, each day, each instant of this year. All, indeed, that relates to me is hidden from me; but all things are visible to God, and all are settled according to his decrees, which are full of wisdom and goodness. If, in the course of the year, I experience any misfortune, which I could not foresee; if any unforeseen happi-

ness falls to my lot; if I have any loss to bear which I could not expect; all will happen according to the will of God. Full of this conviction I begin the new year. Let what will happen, I shall be more and more confirmed in the persuasion, that God will be my preserver in old-age, as he was in my youth. If I find myself exposed to poverty and distress, I will remember the days of my infancy, that still more critical state in which he protected me. I look forward without anxiety, and leave my fate to the guidance of Providence.

Hereford, Jan. 11, 1804. T. M.

DESCRIPTION OF BOULOGNE.

WITH A PLATE.

BOULOGNE, anciently called *Gesoriacum.* or *Gisoriacum*, and since *Bononia*, is a seaport, situated at the mouth of the little river Lianne, in the department of the Straits of Calais, 130 miles N. of Paris, and 14 miles S. of Calais, The harbour is extremely incommodious, and the entrance uncommonly narrow and difficult, so that merchantmen can only enter it at time of flood. St. John's road, in front of the town, is also very bad, no vessels being capable of weathering the point, unless the wind blows from some point between the north and south-west. With all other winds the sea is very violent and stormy. The mole prevents the

harbour from being choaked up with sand. The fort which defends the entrance of the harbour, is built upon the scite of an ancient tower, long known by the name *La Tour d'Odre*, and generally supposed to have been erected for a light-house by Julius Cæsar, when he visited Boulogne from the British shore.

The city stands partly upon a hill, and is divided into the upper and lower town. The former contains the citadel, cathedral, some public squares, with several handsome private buildings and well-constructed fountains; and is the residence of the principal families. The latter is surrounded with a single wall, and consists of three large streets, one of which leads to the upper town, and the others run in a line along the side of the river. It is larger and more considerable in point of trade than the other.

Boulogne was taken by our Henry VIII. in the year 1544, and given up to France on the 24th of March, 1550, for the small sum of three hundred thousand crowns.

The trade of this place was very considerable, not only in the time of the Romans, but in the middle ages. We learn from several authors, that gallies of fifty oars could stretch with perfect security along the banks of the harbour; but now a Gravesend boat is in danger of being stranded at the mole.

It was under the monarchy, the capital of a district called the Boulonois, entirely independent of the general government of Picardy; but much of its dignity has been impaired since the revolution.

In the year 1478, Lewis XI. surrendered this country to the Virgin Mary, declaring that he and his successors should hold it from her, immediately as her vassals, on the condition of paying to her, on their accession to the throne, a golden heart by way of homage. Lewis XIV. actually paid 12,000 livres in pursuance of this condition, for himself and his predecessors.

At a short distance, on the road to Calais, is a mineral spring of some celebrity. Its waters are of a ferruginous quality, and it is, therefore, called *La Fontaine de Fer.*

The port of Boulogne is at present considered as the principal rendezvous for the French flotilla of gun-boats, destined to co-operate in the *long-threatened* invasion of this country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. HORNE, the father of the celebrated Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, was of so quiet and mild a temper, that he studiously avoided giving trouble upon any occasion. This he carried so far, what when his son George (afterwards the bishop) was an infant, he used to wake him with playing upon a flute; that the change from sleeping to awaking might be gradual and pleasant, and not produce any outcry. What impression this early custom made upon his temper we cannot say: but certainly he was remarkable, as he grew up, for a tender feeling of music, especially that of the church.

CURIOUS RETURN OF INCOME.

THE following return has lately been sent in to the Commissioners for the Income Tax; the veracity of which may be depended upon:—

I, A. B. do declare
I have but little money to spare;
I have
1 Little house
1 Little maid
2 Little boys
2 Little trade
2 Little land
2 Ditto money at command
Rather too little is my little all
To supply with comfort my dear little squall
And 2 too little to pay taxes at all
By this you see
I have children three
Depends on me. A. B.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PILGRIMAGE.

PILGRIMAGES were the devotion of the sixteenth century. A queen of France, it is supposed *Catherine de Medicis*, made a vow, that if some concerns which she had undertaken, terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who would walk there, and every three steps he advanced, he should go one back at every third step. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong to go on foot, and of sufficient patience to go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie offered himself, and promised to ac-

complish the queen's vow most scrupulously. The queen accepted his offer, and promised him an adequate recompence. He fulfilled his engagement with the greatest exactness, of which the queen was well assured by constant enquiries.

The citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms; but they degenerated, by continuing that commerce which their father quitted.

This anecdote is related in the *Nouvelle Histoire du Duché de Valois*. The author mentions it as a proof that the most respectable customs are sometimes as much exposed to ridicule as real abuses.

ANECDOTE.

SOME time since, a person whose name was Friend, led the singing at the Rev. Mr. Brown's meeting-house, in Horse-ly-down:—Not being perfectly satisfied with his salary, he endeavoured to obtain an augmentation, which was refused; and shortly after the minister of the place selected for his text, Matthew 20. 13, 14:—"*Friend*, I do thee no wrong; didst thou not agree with me for a penny? take that thine is, and go thy way," which the clerk immediately conceived was intended as a personal address to him, and when the service was over, hinted his suspicions to an acquaintance; this person, however, not being of his opinion, ad-

vised him to speak to Mr. Brown on the subject, who, on being questioned by him, positively denied any such intention, and declared that he had not been personally in his mind, to his knowledge, during the whole of the discourse. The authenticity of the above circumstance may be relied on, as it used to be related by Mr. Brown in company, on account of its singularity.

DR. STUKELEY.

ADDRESSED TO THE ANTIQUARIANS.

THE late Mr. Pine, the engraver and herald, who was a very sensible man, used to relate a fact which shewed Dr Stukeley's character as an antiquarian. As the Doctor and some curious persons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Hertfordshire, they came to a certain place called Cæsar's stile, situated on the brow of an eminence; no sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him, in his march from Coway Stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring to this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged labouring man coming up, the doctor asked him with great confidence, whether that was not called Cæsar's stile? "Aye, master, (said the old man) that it is; I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul, he lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile."

COW-POX.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

IN the annual bill of mortality, published in London at the close of the last year, there stands recorded one instance of death by the cow-pox. Now were it true that in the whole mortality of the year, within the district which these bills include, amounting to nineteen thousand five hundred and eighty-two deaths, one, or even more than one person, had actually died of this complaint, it would but little affect the argument by which mankind are induced to adopt the practice of vaccine inoculation; since this practice affords an opportunity of quickly extirpating that dreadful disease, by which so many hundreds of thousands of the human race are annually destroyed.—But Sir, it is not a fact that even one individual has thus fallen a sacrifice to the disease in question. It is distinctly ascertained that the person whose death is referred to in the bill of last year, lost her life from a violent inflammatory disease of the lungs. The particulars of this case, together with those of every other case of *supposed* death by cow-pox, which in former years has been inserted in the London bills, (for they have been alike suppositious) have been clearly made out, and will ere long be laid before the public, when the *very curious* authorities on which some, at

least of these statements rest, will also appear. In the meanwhile, Sir, to undeceive the public thus far, will be a meritorious service, and oblige

Your obedient servant,

J. ADDINGTON.

Spital-Square,
Jan. 18, 1804.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

AS it is one great aim of your valuable Miscellany, to promote the intellectual and moral improvement of the rising generation—so your readers will, no doubt, be gratified with the following article, which was sent me for insertion. It announces the increasing respectability of a society, the object of which is to assist and befriend a body of men, whose professional labours are directed to the expansion of the tender mind, and are thus rendering an essential service to the community.

I remain, Sirs,
Your's truly,

J. EVANS. *

Pullins-Row, Islington,
Jan. 18, 1804.

* See our *last* Number; where in page 423, a particular account is given of the late anniversary of the above truly respectable society.

SOCIETY OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

PRESIDENT:

The Rt. Rev. George Isaac Huntingford, Lord Bishop of Gloucester.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

The Rev. William Vincent, D. D. Dean of Westminster.

The Rev. Samuel Parr, D. D. Prebendary of St. Paul's.

The Sixth Anniversary of this Institution was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Thursday, Dec. 22, 1803,

THE REVEREND THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, in the chair.

After the report of the Committee had been read, the accounts audited, and other business of the meeting transacted, the following Elections were made to different Offices of the Society for the ensuing year:

COMMITTEE:

Charles Burney, LL.D. & F.R.S. *Chairman.*
Rev. Matthew Raine, D.D. & F.R.S. *Dep. Chairman.*

Rev. A. Crombie, LLD	Mr. Kelly.
Rev. G. Gibson, A.M.	Mr. Lord.
Rev. E. Harris,	Rev. W. Shaw, A. M.
Rev. J. Hewlett, B. D.	Rev. J. Strachan, A.M.
Rev. J. Lindsay, A.M.	

Mr. Kelly, Secretary and Treasurer.

AUDITORS:

Rev Dr. Raine, Rev. Dr. Crombie, and Rev. J. Hewlett.

TRUSTEES OF THE FUNDS:

Rev. Dr. Barrow, Dr. Charles Burney, and Mr. Kelly.

STEWARDS FOR THE NEXT ANNIVERSARY.

J. Anderson, LL D.	Rev. J. Evans, A.M.
Rev. J. W. Burford A M	Rev. J. Stewart, A.M.
W. Burney, A.M.	J. Wallace, A.M.

THE HAMMERSMITH GHOST.

ON Thursday, Jan. 5, at eleven o'clock, a Coroner's Inquest was held at the house of Mr. Thomas Leigh, the sign of the Black Lion, in Hammersmith, on the body of Thomas Millwood, a bricklayer, who had been shot on the Tuesday night preceding, by Francis Smith, who unfortunately mistook the deceased for a *ghost*.

The neighbourhood of Hammersmith has been for some time past in a constant state of alarm, on the supposed appearance of an apparition, every night, as the church clock struck twelve, in the field adjoining Black-lion-lane, which appeared as if covered with a shroud, and prevented the women and children from going out at night, and kept the men at an awful distance. After several fruitless attempts to

discover the author of this phantom, Francis Smith, an excise-officer, resolved to make a discovery, and for that purpose he took his fusee, and, after loading it with powder and ball, proceeded to the spot where the supposed ghost used generally to make its appearance.

As the evidence before the coroner was so similar to that given upon the trial, it is needless for us to repeat it; but lay the trial at length before our readers.---Suffice it to say, that the jury returned a verdict of *wilful murder!* and the coroner immediately committed Smith to gaol, to take his trial at the ensuing sessions at the Old Bailey.

It is almost incredible what an effect has been produced in Hammersmith by this supposed supernatural visitant. The servants of many families have been terrified. It will hardly be believed that a stout drayman was collared by the ghost as he was crossing the church-yard, and though a very athletic man, was so frightened that he made no resistance, but ran off as fast as he could, roaring for help. It is said, too, that a team of horses were so alarmed at its appearance, that they ran away with the waggon a considerable distance. We shall not repeat the numerous ridiculous tales that are circulated, but shall conclude this article with the trial of the unfortunate Smith, and apprehension of the *real* object of alarm.

OLD BAILEY SESSIONS.

Jan. 11, 1804.

FRANCIS SMITH was indicted for the wilful murder of Thomas Milwood.

Mr. John Locke, wine-merchant, living in Hammersmith, stated, that on the 3d instant, about half past ten in the evening, he met the prisoner, who told him he had shot a man, whom he believed to be the pretended ghost of Hammersmith. A rumour of a ghost walking about at night had prevailed for a considerable time. He went with the prisoner, in company with Mr. Stowe and a watchman, up Limekiln-lane, to Black-Lion-lane, where the deceased was lying apparently dead. The witness and Mr. Stowe consulted together upon what was proper to be done, and they directly sent for the high-constable. The body had no appearance of life; there was a shot in the left jaw. The prisoner was much agitated. The witness told him the consequences likely to be the result of his conduct; the prisoner replied that he fired, and did not know the person whom he had shot; he also said that before he fired, he spoke twice to the deceased, but received no answer.

Mr. Const, for the prisoner, cross-examined this witness. For five weeks previous to this melancholy catastrophe, the ghost had been the subject of general conversation in Hammersmith. He had never seen it. The dress in which the ghost was reported to appear, corresponded with that worn by the deceased, being white. The deceased had on white trowsers, down to his shoes; a white apron round him, and a flannel jacket on his body. The ghost sometimes appeared in white, and frequently in a calf's skin. The prisoner was so agitated

when the witness met him, that he could hardly speak. The deceased, after the prisoner called out, continued to advance towards him, which augmented his fear so much that he fired. The witness described the evening as very dark; Black-Lion-lane was very dark at all times, being between hedges, and on that evening it was so very obscure that a person on one side of the road could not distinguish an object on the other. The prisoner, when he first mentioned the accident, expressed to the witness his wish that he would take him into custody, or send for some person to do so. The prisoner was a man mild and humane, and of a generous temper.

Girdler, the watchman, after stating that he went to the spot with Mr Locke, described the posture in which the deceased was found. He was lying on his back, stretched out and quite dead. His left jaw was broken by a shot. The prisoner came to the witness, and said he had hurt a man, and he was afraid very badly. Previous to this the prisoner told him he was going to look after the ghost. The witness replied that he would join him, after crying the hour, and that they would search the lanes together. They agreed on a watch-word: "Who comes there?—A friend.—Advance friend." The witness went his rounds, and just before he got to Black-Lion-lane, he heard the report of a gun. He took no notice of that circumstance, as he frequently heard firing in the night. He did not see a gun lying by the deceased. The prisoner offered to deliver himself up.

On his cross-examination, the witness said that he himself was armed with a pistol, as other watchmen are. He had seen the supposed ghost himself on the Thursday before, being the 29th of December. It was covered with a sheet or large table-cloth. He encountered it opposite the four mile stone, and pursued it, but without success, as the spirit pulled off the sheet and ran. The alarm had been very great for six weeks, or two months; and many people had been terribly frightened. He knew the prisoner, and he was nothing like a cruel man.

Anne Milwood, sister to the deceased, was next called. The Lord Chief Baron lamented that any questions, relative to this melancholy affair, should be put to her, but for the ends of justice they were rendered indispensibly necessary. She stated, that she lives with her father and mother; between ten and eleven of the evening of the 3d of January, her brother called; he had been to inquire for his wife, who was at Mr. Smith's, the outrider. The witness and her mother were going to bed, and her mother asked the deceased whether his wife had come home? He replied, that she had not. She then desired him to sit down, and wait for her half an hour. He sat till the witness heard the watch go eleven. She then desired him to go home, and he got up and went away, wishing the witness a good night. He shut the door behind him, and the witness directly went and opened it, stepped out, and stood on some bricks, looking after him. At that instant she

heard a voice exclaim—"Damn you, who are you, and what are you? I'll shoot you if you don't speak." This address was directly followed by the discharge of a gun. The witness exceedingly alarmed for her brother's safety, called out "Thomas," three or four times. The witness then went into the house, but she could not persuade either her father, mother, or a gentleman who lodged with them, that any accident had befallen her brother. She went out alone, and found him quite dead. She ran for assistance to a neighbour's house, and in returning from it, she saw the prisoner, Mr. Locke, Mr. Stowe, and the watchman. Her brother was in his usual working dress, as described by the first witness in his cross-examination. The witness added, that she had heard great talk of a ghost stalking up and down the neighbourhood, all in white, with *horns* and *glass eyes*, but she did not know that any body had ever watched to detect the impostor

Mr. Flower, a surgeon at Hammersmith, saw the body the day following the accident: on the 6th instant, examined it by order of Mr. Hodgson, the coroner. He found that the deceased had received a gun-shot wound on the left lower jaw, with small shot, as he thought, No. 4, which penetrated to the vertebræ of the neck, and injured the spinal marrow, which is a continuation of the brain. The face of the deceased was black, and that blackness was occasioned by the discharge of powder from a gun. The wound in the jaw was doubtless the cause of Milwood's death. He knew Smith; he was

not a vindictive, but, on the contrary, a very mild man.

A constable then stated, that the prisoner had surrendered to him, and he had been two days in his custody.

This finished the case for the prosecution.

The prisoner having been called upon for his defence, stated, that he went out with no bad design or intention, and that when the unfortunate accident happened, he knew not what he did. He solemnly declared his innocence, and that he had no intention or idea of taking away the life of any one.

The prisoner's Counsel then called Mrs. Fullbrook, mother-in-law to the deceased; she said, that on the Saturday evening before his death, he told her that two ladies and a gentleman had taken fright at him, as he was coming down the Terrace, thinking he was the ghost. He said to them, he was no more a ghost than any of them, and asked the gentleman if he wished for a punch in the head. The witness advised the deceased in future to put on a great coat, in order that he might not encounter any danger.

Thomas Groom was called, as it would appear, that some supernatural being actually visited the town of Hammersmith. He said he was servant to Mr. Burgess, a brewer, and that as he and a fellow-servant were going through the curch-yard one night, something, which he did not see, caught him by the throat.

A number of witnesses were then called to the prisoner's character, which they described as mild and gentle in the extreme. One of

these witnesses said, he had known the prisoner for fifteen years, and during that period his life had been marked by singular acts of humanity and benevolence.

The Lord Chief Baron then proceeded to address the Jury. His Lordship observed, that nothing which had been stated, or had appeared in this case, could possibly change the nature of the offence from murder. Although malice was necessary to make out the crime of murder, yet it was not necessary, according to law, to prove that the prisoner had known the deceased, or had cherished any malice, or, as was vulgarly called, spite, against him.—If a man should fire into the Hall, where he was now sitting, and kill any body at random, such a deed was murder. On the same principle, if a person was killed by design, without any authority, but from a supposition that the person ought to be killed, such an act was also murder, unless the killing was accidental. If a man went out armed on the highway, intending to shoot robbers, and should decide in his own mind, that an individual whom he might see was a robber, and should kill him, who actually was not a robber, such an act would be held as murder. However disgusted the Jury might feel in their own minds with the abominable person guilty of the misdemeanour of terrifying the neighbourhood, still the prisoner had no right to construe such a misdemeanour into a capital offence, or to conclude that a man dressed in white was a ghost. It was his own opinion, and was confirmed by those of his learned brethren on the bench, that

if the facts stated in evidence were credible, the prisoner had committed murder. In this case there was a deliberate carrying out a loaded gun, which the prisoner concluded he was entitled to fire, which he was not; and he did fire it with a rashness which the law did not excuse. In all the circumstances of the case, no man is allowed to kill another rashly. His Lordship here recapitulated the evidence, and commented on the defence made by the prisoner, which he remarked was singular. The prisoner had gone out persuaded (indeed the weapon he carried demonstrated the fact) that he was to meet a man, and yet when he did encounter him, he was so terrified as to be unconscious of what he did. The prisoner had received an excellent character, and here his Lordship explained the reason why no witness but one could speak to his character farther back than two years. The prisoner was an Excise-officer, and as such, liable to be removed and shifted from one station to another, so that it was a great chance if he remained long in one place. His Lordship was afraid that his good character could not avail in point of law in that place, whatever effect it might have in another quarter, which did not become him by any means to conjecture.

The Jury then retired for upwards of an hour, and returned with a verdict—*Guilty of Manslaughter*.

The Lord Chief Baron stated, that it was impossible for the Court to receive such a verdict. The Jury were bound by the oath they had taken, to decide according to the evidence,

that evidence fully proved Murder, and not Manslaughter; in order to constitute which, provocation must be proved. That had not been proved or attempted. The Jury therefore could only find the prisoner guilty of Murder, or acquit him. If they did the latter, they assumed the King's prerogative, and by the oath he had taken as Judge, he was bound so to tell them.

Sir Giles Rooke and Sir Soulden Lawrence, delivered their opinions to the same effect.

The Jury turned round in the box, and delivered a verdict—*Guilty of Murder.*

The Lord Chief Baron. "Gentlemen, I think it my duty to state to you, that I shall immediately report this case."

The Recorder then proceeded to pass sentence of Death on the prisoner, ordering him to be executed on the following Monday, and his body to be dissected.

The prisoner is a very genteel looking man; twenty-nine years of age. He was dressed in mourning, and conducted himself in the most becoming manner during his trial. He was much affected when the Jury retired, and underwent strong symptoms of compunction and remorse, when sentence was passed.—He has received a respite during his Majesty's pleasure.

To the satisfaction of most of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Hammersmith, *the Ghost* has at last been discovered in the person and conduct of a *Son of Crispin!*

The much-lamented sacrifice of poor Milwood, the bricklayer, had such a powerful effect, that an information has been lodged before Mr. Hill, the magistrate, against a house-keeper in the town of Hammersmith, of the name of Graham, a boot and shoe-maker, who has a wife and three children, for going out at night wrapped up in a blanket, with a design to represent a *Ghost*. Graham was consequently taken into custody, and examined before the said magistrate, who, doubtful how to act without advice in such a case, has taken bail for Graham's appearance. The people of Hammersmith expected that the *Ghost* was to have stood publicly in the church, wrapped up in a white sheet, by way of penance, and vast numbers were consequently collected to behold such a *spectre!*

Graham, when questioned by the magistrate as to the cause of his assuming such a frightful being, said, that he had done it in order to be revenged on the impertinence of *his apprentices*, who had terrified his children by telling them stories of Ghosts. He expected to check them of this disagreeable bent of their mind to the prejudice of his children by presenting them, as they passed homewards, a figure of a Ghost, which, it seems, he managed very successfully. Had this weak, perhaps wicked frolic, ended here, it is likely that no serious consequences would have ensued.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

HIS MAJESTY, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND MR. ADDINGTON,

Respecting the Offer of Military Service made by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

(Concluded from page 382, vol. 5.)

Horse Guards, Oct. 6, 1803.

DEAREST BROTHER,

NOTHING but an extraordinary press of business would have prevented me from acknowledging sooner your letter of the 2nd instant, which I received while at Oatlands on Monday evening.

I trust that you are too well acquainted with my affection for you, which has existed since our most tender years, not to be assured of the satisfaction I have felt, and ever must feel, in forwarding, when in my power, every desire or object of your's; and therefore will believe how much I must regret the impossibility there is, upon the present occasion, of my executing your wishes of laying the representation contained in your letter before his Majesty.

Suffer me, my dearest brother, as the only answer that I can properly give you, to recal to your memory what passed upon the same subject soon after his Majesty was graciously pleased to place me at the head of the army; and I have no doubt that, with your usual candour,

you will yourself see the absolute necessity of my declining it.

In the year 1795, upon a general promotion taking place, at your instance I delivered a letter from you to his Majesty, urging your pretensions to promotion in the army; to which his Majesty was pleased to answer, that before he had appointed you to the command of the 10th Light Dragoons, he had caused it to be fully explained to you what his sentiments *were* with respect to *a* Prince of Wales entering into the army, and the public grounds upon which he could never admit of your considering it as a profession, or of your being promoted in the service. And his Majesty, at the same time, added *his positive commands and injunctions* to me, never to mention this subject again to him, and to decline being the bearer of any application of the same nature, should it be proposed to me; which message I was, of course, under the necessity of delivering to you, and have constantly made it the rule of my conduct ever since; and, indeed, I have ever considered it as one of the greatest proofs of affection and consideration towards me, on the part of his Majesty, that he never allowed me to become a party in this business.

Having thus stated to you, fairly and candidly, what has passed, I must trust you will see that there can be no grounds for the apprehension expressed in the latter part of your letter, that any slur can attach to your character as an officer—particularly as I recollect your mentioning to me yourself on the day on which you re-

ceived the notification of your appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons, the explanation and condition attached to it by his Majesty; and therefore, surely, you must be satisfied, that your not being advanced in military rank, proceeds entirely from his Majesty's sentiments respecting the high rank you hold in the state, and not from any impression unfavourable to you.

Believe me ever, with the greatest truth,
Dearest Brother,
Your most affectionate Brother,

(Signed) FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Brighton, Oct. 9, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE taken two days to consider the contents of your letter of the 6th inst. in order to be as accurate as possible in my answer, which must account to you for its being longer perhaps than I intended, or I could have wished.

I confide entirely in the personal kindness and affection expressed in your letter, and am, for that reason, the more unwilling to trouble you again on a painful subject, in which you are not free to act, as your inclination I am sure would lead you. But, as it is not at all improbable, that every part of this transaction, may be publicly canvassed hereafter, it is of the utmost importance to my honour, without which I can have no happiness, that my conduct in it shall be fairly represented, and correctly understood. When I made a tender of my services to his

majesty's ministers, it was with a just and natural expectation, that my offer would have been accepted, in the way in which alone it could have been most beneficial to my country, or creditable to myself: or, if that failed, that at least, (in justice to me) the reasons for a refusal would have been distinctly stated; so that the nation might be satisfied, that nothing had been omitted on *my* part, and enabled to judge of the validity of the reasons assigned for such refusal. In the first instance, I was referred to his Majesty's will and pleasure; and now I am informed by your letter, that before "he had appointed me to the command of the 10th light dragoons, he had caused it to be fully explained to me, what his sentiments were with respect to a Prince of Wales entering into the army."

It is impossible, my dear brother, that I should know all that passed between the King and you; but, I perfectly recollect the statement you made of the conversation you had had with his Majesty, and which strictly corresponds with that in your letter now before me. But, I must, at the same time, recal to your memory, my positive denial at that time, of any condition or stipulation having been made, upon my first coming into the army; and I am in possession of full and complete documents, which prove that no terms whatever were then proposed, at least to me, whatever might have been the intention: and the communications which I have found it necessary subsequently to make, however disclaiming the existence of such a compromise at any period, as nothing could be more

averse to my nature, or more remote from my mind.

As to the conversation you quote in 1796, (when the King was pleased to appoint me to succeed Sir William Pitt), I have not the most slight recollection of its having taken place between us. My dear brother, if you date it right, you must be mistaken in your exact terms, or, at least, in the conclusion you draw from it; for in the intimacy and familiarity of private conversation, it is not at all unlikely that I should have remembered the communication you made me the year before; but, that I should have acquiesced in, or referred to a compromise, which I never made, is utterly impossible.

Neither in his Majesty's letter to me, nor in his correspondence with Mr. Addington (of which you may not be fully informed), is there one word, or the most distant allusion to the condition stated in your letter; and even if I had accepted the command of a regiment on such terms, my acquiescence could only have relation to the ordinary situation of the country, and not to a case so completely out of all contemplation at that time, as the probable or projected invasion of this kingdom by a foreign force, sufficient to bring its safety into question. When the king is pleased to tell me, "that should the enemy land, he shall think it his duty to set an example in defence of the country;" that is, to expose the only life which, for the public welfare, ought not to be hazarded, I respect and admire the principles which dictate that resolution; and as my heart glows with the

same sentiments, I wish to partake in the same danger, that is, with dignity and effect. Wherever his Majesty appears as king, he acts and commands; you are commander in chief; others of my family are high in military station; and even by the last brevet a considerable number of junior officers are put over me. In all these arrangements the Prince of Wales alone, whose interest in the event yields to none but that of the king, is disregarded, omitted—his services rejected. So that, in fact, he has no post or station whatsoever, in a contest, on which the fate of the crown and the kingdom may depend.

I do not, my dear brother, wonder that in the hurry of your present occupations, these considerations should have been overlooked; they are now in your view, and I think cannot fail to make a due impression.

As to the rest, with every degree of esteem possible for your judgment of what is due to a soldier's honour, I must be the guardian of mine to the utmost in my power, &c. &c.

(Signed) G. P.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Horse Guards, Oct. 11.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE this moment, upon my arrival in town, found your letter, and lose no time in answering that part in which it appears to me highly necessary should be clearly understood.

Indeed, my dear brother, your must give me

leave to repeat to you, that upon the fullest consideration, I perfectly recollect your having yourself told me at Carlton-house, in the year 1793, on the day on which you was informed of his Majesty's having acquiesced in your request of being appointed to the command of the 10th regiment of Light Dragoons, of which Sir William Pitt was then colonel, the message and condition which was delivered to you from his Majesty, and which his Majesty repeated to me, in the year 1795, as mentioned in my letter of Thursday last: and I have the fullest reason to know, that there are others to whom at that time you mentioned the same circumstance; nor have I the least recollection of your having denied it to me, when I delivered to you the king's answer, as I should certainly have felt it incumbent upon me to recal to your memory, what you had told me yourself in the year 1793.

No conversation whatever passed between us, as you justly remark, in the year 1796, when Sir William Pitt was promoted to the king's Dragoon Guards, which was done in consequence of what was arranged in 1793, upon your first appointment to the 10th Light Dragoons; and I conceive, that your mentioning in your letter my having stated a conversation to have passed between us in 1798, must have arisen from some misapprehension, as I do not find *that* year ever adverted to in my letter.

I have thought it due to us both, my dear brother, thus fully to reply to those parts of your letter, in which you appear to have mis-

taken mine; but, as I am totally unacquainted with the correspondence which has taken place upon this subject, I must decline entering any further into it.

I remain ever, my dear brother, with the greatest truth,

Your most affectionate brother,

(Signed) FREDERICK.

Brighton, Oct. 12, 1803.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

BY my replying to your letter of the 6th instant, which contained no sort of answer to mine of the second, we have fallen into a very frivolous altercation, upon a topic which is quite foreign to the present purpose: indeed, the whole importance of it lies in a seeming contradiction in the statement of a fact, which is unpleasant, even upon the idlest occasion.

I meant to assert that no previous condition to forego all pretensions to ulterior rank, under any circumstances, had been imposed upon me, or even submitted to me, in any shape whatsoever, on my first coming into the service; and with as much confidence as can be used in maintaining a negative, I repeat that assertion.

When I first became acquainted with his majesty's purpose to withhold from me further advancement, it is impossible to recollect; but that it was so early as the year 1793, I do not remember; and if your expressions were less positive, I should add or believe; but I certainly knew it, as you well know, in 1795, and

possibly before. We were then engaged in war, therefore I could not think of resigning my regiment, if, under other circumstances I had been disposed to do it; but, in truth, my rank in the nation made military rank in ordinary times a matter of little consequence, except to my own private feelings. This sentiment I conveyed to you in my letter of the 2d, saying expressly, that mere *idle, inactive* rank, was in no sort my object.

But upon the prospect of an emergency, where the king was to take the field, and the spirit of every Briton was roused to exertion, the place which I occupy in the nation, made it indispensable to demand a post correspondent to that place, and to the public expectation. This sentiment, I have the happiness to be assured, in a letter on this occasion, *made a strong impression on the mind, and commanded the respect and admiration of one very high in government.*

The only purpose of this letter, my dear brother, is to explain, since that is necessary, that my former ones meant not to give you the trouble of interceding as my advocate for mere rank in the army. Urging further my other more important claims upon government, would be vainly addressed to any person, who can really think that a formal refusal of mere rank, under circumstances so widely different, or the most express waving of such pretensions, if that had been the case, furnishes the slightest colour for the answer which I have received to the tender I have now made of my services.

Your department, my dear brother, was

meant, if I must repeat it, simply as a channel to convey that tender to government, and to obtain either their attention to it, or an open avowal of their refusal, &c.

(Signed G. P.

To His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Horse Guards, Oct. 13.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE received your letter this morning, and am sorry to find, that you think I have misconceived the meaning of your first letter, the whole tenor of which, and the military promotion which gave rise to it, led me naturally to suppose your desire was, that I should apply to his Majesty, in my official capacity, to give you military rank, to which might be attached the idea of subsequent command.

That I found myself under the necessity of declining, in obedience to his Majesty's pointed orders, as I explained to you in my letter of the 6th inst. but, from your letter of to-day, I am to understand that your object is *not* military rank, but that a post should be allotted to you, upon the present emergency, suitable to your situation in the state.

This I conceive to be purely a political consideration, and as such totally out of my department; and as I have most carefully avoided, at all times, and under all circumstances, ever interfering in any political points, I must hope that you will not call upon me to deviate

from the principles by which I have been invariably governed.

Believe me, my dear brother,
Your most affectionate brother,
(Signed) FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Carlton House, Oct. 14.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

IT cannot but be painful to me to be reduced to the necessity of further explanation on a subject which it was my earnest wish to have closed, and which was of so clear and distinct a nature, as, in my humble judgment, to have precluded the possibility of either doubt or misunderstanding.

Surely there must be some strange fatality to obscure my language in statement, or leave me somewhat deficient in the powers of explanation, when it can lead your mind, my dear brother, to such a palpable misconstruction (for far be it from me to fancy it wilful) of my meaning, as to suppose for a moment I had unconnected my object with *efficient military rank*, and transferred it entirely to the view of a *political station*, when you venture to tell me "my object is *not* military rank, but that a post should be allotted to me, upon the *present* emergency, suitable to my situation in the state." Upon what ground you can hazard such an assertion, or upon what principles you can draw such an inference, I am utterly at a loss to determine. For I defy the most skilful logician, in torturing the English

language, to apply with *fairness* such a construction to any word or phrase of mine, contained in any one of the letters I have ever written on this, *to me*, most interesting subject.

I call upon you to re-peruse the correspondence. In my letter of the 2d inst. I told you unequivocally that I hoped you knew me too well to imagine, that *idle*, *inactive* rank was in my view; and *that* sentiment, I beg you carefully to observe, I have in no instance whatever for one single moment relinquished or departed from.

Giving, as I did, all the considerations of my heart to the delicacy and difficulties of your situation, nothing could have been more repugnant to my thoughts, or to my disposition, than to have imposed upon you, my dear brother, either in your capacity as commander-in-chief, or in the near relationship which subsists between us, much less the expectation, of causing you to risque any displeasure from his Majesty, by disobeying in *any* degree *his* commands, although they were even to militate against myself. But, with the impulse of my feelings towards you, and quickly conceiving what friendship and affection may be capable of, I did not, I own, think it entirely impossible that you might, considering the magnitude and importance which the object carries with it, have officially advanced my wishes, as a matter of propriety, to *military rank and subsequent command*, through his Majesty's ministers, for that direct purpose; especially when the honour of my character and my future fame in life were so deeply in-

volved in the consideration. For, I must here emphatically again repeat, that "*idle, inactive* rank was never in my view; and that military rank, with its subsequent command, was NEVER *cut* of it."

Feeling how useless, as well as ungracious, controversy is, upon every occasion, and knowing how fatally it operates on human friendship, I must intreat that our correspondence on this subject shall cease here; for nothing could be more distressing to me, than to prolong a topic, on which, it is now clear to me, my dear brother, that you and I can never agree, &c.

(Signed) G. P.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

COPY OF A LETTER

From the Right Hon. Henry Addington, dated Richmond Park, Oct. 23, 1803.

SIR,

IN consequence of some intelligence which has reached me, I am impelled by a sense of duty to your Royal Highness, and to the public, to express an earnest and anxious hope, that you may be induced to postpone your return to Brighton, until I shall have had an opportunity of making further inquiries, and of stating the result of them to your Royal Highness.

I have the honour to be, with the utmost deference and respect, Sir,

Your Royal Highness's faithful,
And most humble servant,
HENRY ADDINGTON.

The Prince of Wales.

ANSWER.

Carlton-House, Oct. 24.

SIR,

BY your grounding your letter to me upon intelligence which has just reached you, I apprehend that you allude to information which leads you to expect some immediate attempt from the enemy. My wish to accommodate myself to any thing which you represent as material to the public service, would of course make me desirous to comply with your request; but if there be reason to imagine that invasion will take place directly, I am bound by the king's precise order, and by that honest zeal which is not allowed any fitter sphere for its action, to hasten instantly to my regiment. If I learn that my construction of the word intelligence be right, I must deem it necessary to repair to Brighton immediately, &c. &c.

(Signed) G. P.

Right Hon. Henry Addington.

ALCUIN.

A DIALOGUE.

(*Concluded from p.* 370, *vol.* 5.)

"I SHALL find no difficulty," said the lady, "to admit that the system is not such as to condemn all women, without exception, to stupidity. As it is, we have only to lament, that a sentence so unjust is executed on, by far,

the greater number. But you forget how seldom those who are most fortunately situated, are permitted to cater for themselves. Their conduct, in this case, as in all others, is subject to the controul of others who are guided by established prejudices, and are careful to remember that we are women. They think a being of this sex is to be instructed in a manner different from those of another. Schools, and colleges, and public instructors are provided in all the abstruse sciences and learned languages; but whatever may be their advantages, are not women totally excluded from them?"

"It would be prudent," said I, "in the first place, to ascertain the amount of those advantages, before we indulge ourselves in lamenting the loss of them. Let us consider whether a public education be not unfavourable to moral and intellectual improvement; or, at least, whether it be preferable to the domestic method;—whether most knowledge be obtained by listening to hired professors, or by reading books;—whether the abstruse sciences be best studied in a closet, or a college;—whether the ancient tongues be worth learning;—whether, since languages are of no use but as avenues to knowledge, our native tongue, especially in its present state of refinement, be not the best. Before we lament the exclusion of women from colleges, all these points must be settled: unless they shall be precluded by reflecting, that places of public education, which are colleges in all respects but the name, are, perhaps, as numerous for females as for males."

"They differ," said the lady, "from colleges in this, that a very different plan of instruction is followed. I know of no female schools where Latin is taught, or geometry, or chemistry"

"Yet, Madam, there are female geometricians, and chemists, and scholars, not a few. Were I desirous that my son or daughter should become either of these, I should not deem the assistance of a college indispensible. Suppose an anatomist should open a school to pupils of both sexes, and solicit equally their attendance; would you comply with the invitation?"

"No; because that pursuit has no attractions for me. But if I had a friend whose curiosity was directed to it, why should I dissuade her from it?"

"Perhaps," said I, "you are but little acquainted with the real circumstances of such a scene. If your disdain of prejudices should prompt you to adventure one visit, I question whether you would find an inclination to repeat it."

"Perhaps not," said she; "but that mode of instruction in all the experimental sciences is not, perhaps, the best. A numerous company can derive little benefit from a dissection in their presence. A closer and more deliberate inspection than the circumstances of a large company will allow, seems requisite. But the assembly need not be a mixed one. Objections on the score of delicacy, though they are more specious than sound, and owe their force more to our weakness than our wis-

dom, would be removed by making the whole company, professor and pupils, female. But this would be obviating an imaginary evil, at the price of a real benefit. Nothing has been more injurious than the separation of the sexes. They associate in childhood without restraint; but the period quickly arrives when they are obliged to take different paths. Ideas, maxims, and pursuits, wholly opposite, engross their attention. Different systems of morality, different languages, or, at least, the same words with a different set of meanings, are adopted. All intercouse between them is fettered and embarrassed. On one side, all is reserve and artifice. On the other, adulation and affected humility. The same end must be compassed by opposite means. The man must affect a disproportionable ardour; while the woman must counterfeit indifference and aversion. Her tongue has no office, but to belie the sentiments of her heart, and the dictates of her understanding.

"By marriage she loses all right to separate property. The will of her husband is the criterion of all her duties. All merit is comprised in unlimited obedience. She must not expostulate or rebel. In all contests with him, she must hope to prevail by blandishments and tears; not by appeals to justice and addresses to reason. She will be most applauded when she smiles with most perseverance on her oppressor, and when, with the undistinguishing attachment of a dog, no caprice or cruelty shall be able to estrange her affection."

"Surely, Madam, this picture is exaggerated. You derive it from some other source than your own experience, or even your own observation."

"No; I believe the picture to be generally exact. No doubt there are exceptions. I believe myself to be one. I think myself exempt from the grosser defects of women; but by no means free from the influence of a mistaken education. But why should you think the picture exaggerated? Man is the strongest. This is the reason why, in the earliest stage of society, the females are slaves. The tendency of rational improvement is to equalize conditions; to abolish all distinctions, but those that are founded in truth and reason; to limit the reign of brute force, and uncontroulable accidents. Women have unquestionably benefited by the progress that has hitherto taken place. If I look abroad, I may see reason to congratulate myself on being born in this age and country. Women, that are no where totally exempt from servitude, no where admitted to their true rank in society, may yet be subject to different degrees or kinds of servitude. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the yoke is lighter than here. But this persuasion, though, in one view, it may afford us consolation, ought not to blind us to our true condition, or weaken our efforts to remove the evils that still oppress us. It is manifest, that we are hardly and unjustly treated. The natives of the most distant regions do not less resemble each other, than the male and female of the same tribe, in conse-

quence of the different discipline to which they are subject. Now, this is palpably absurd. Men and women are partakers of the same nature. They are rational beings; and, as such, the same principles of truth and equity must be applicable to both."

"To this I replied,—Certainly, Madam, but it is obvious to inquire to which of the sexes the distinction is most favourable. In some respects, different paths are allotted to them, but I am apt to suspect that of the woman to be strewed with fewest thorns; to be beset with fewest asperities; and to lead, if not absolutely in conformity to truth and equity, yet with fewest deviations from it. There are evils incident to your condition as women. As human beings, we all lie under considerable disadvantages; but it is of an unequal lot that you complain. The institutions of society have injuriously and capriciously distinguished you. True it is, laws, which have commonly been male births, have treated you unjustly; but it has been with that species of injustice that has given birth to nobles and kings. They have distinguished you by irrational and undeserved indulgences. They have exempted you from a thousand toils and cares. Their tenderness has secluded you from tumult and noise: your persons are sacred from profane violences; your eyes from ghastly spectacles; your ears from a thousand discords, by which ours are incessantly invaded. Yours are the peacefullest recesses of the mansion: your hours glide along in sportive chat, in harmless recreation, or volup

tuous indolence; or in labour so light, as scarcely to be termed encroachments on the reign of contemplation. Your industry delights in the graceful and minute: it enlarges the empire of the senses, and improves the flexibility of the fibres. The art of the needle, by the lustre of its hues and the delicacy of its touches, is able to mimic all the forms of nature, and pourtray all the images of fancy: and the needle but prepares the hand for doing wonders on the harp; for conjuring up the 'piano' to melt, and the 'forte' to astound us."

"This," cried the lady, "is a very partial description. It can apply only to the opulent, and but to few of them. Meanwhile, how shall we estimate the hardships of the lower class? You have only pronounced a panegyric on indolence and luxury. Eminent virtue and true happiness are not to be found in this element."

"True," returned I; "I have only attempted to justify the male sex from the charge of cruelty. Ease and luxury are pernicious. Kings and nobles, the rich and the idle, enjoy no genuine content. Their lot is hard enough; but still it is better than brutal ignorance and unintermitted toil; than nakedness and hunger. There must be one condition of society that approaches nearer than any other to the standard of rectitude and happiness. For this it is our duty to search; and, having found it, endeavour to reduce every other condition to this desirable mean. It is useful, meanwhile, to ascertain the relative importance of different conditions; and since deplorable evils are annexed to every

state, to discover in what respects, and in what degree, one is more or less eligible than another. Half of the community are females. Let the whole community, be divided into classes; and let us inquire, whether the wives, and daughters, and single women, of each class, be not placed in a more favourable situation than the husbands, sons, and single men, of the same class. Our answer will surely be in the affirmative."

"There is," said the lady, "but one important question relative to this subject. Are women as high in the scale of social felicity and usefulness as they may and ought to be?"

"To this," said I, "there can be but one answer: No. At present they are only higher on that scale than the men. You will observe, Madam, I speak only of that state of society which we enjoy. If you had excluded sex from the question. I must have made the same answer. Human beings, it is to be hoped, are destined to a better condition on this stage, or some other, than is now allotted them."

FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

For January, 1804.

LONDON.

FULL DRESSES.—1. A round dress of plain white muslin made short in front, with a very long train; the body quite plain, with a lace tucker drawn round the bosom; the bottom of the dress bound with white ribbon and trimmed with deep lace. The hair dressed in

ringlets, 2. A dress of white muslin, with a drapery of the same, trimmed with gold or lace. The sleeves full, and looped up with a diamond button. The hair ornamented with a bandeau of diamonds and ostrich feather.

Walking Dresses.—1. A short round dress of white muslin with a light blue kerseymere pelice, laced up the front in the military style; a bonnet of blue to correspond with the dress, ornamented with a military feather. 2. A dress of white or coloured muslin, with a spencer of black velvet. A black velvet bonnet. Silver bear muff and tippet.

Nine Heads.—1. A cap of black velvet ornamented with a wreath of oak leaves. A black lace veil thrown one side. 2. The hair dressed fashionably with a handkerchief bandeau. 3. A gypsey-hat of purple or puce-coloured velvet; bows of the same coloured ribbon on the right side. 4. A dress hat of white velvet turned up on one side, and lined with pink; ostrich feather. 5. A gypsey-hat of blue silk with a pink flower in front. 6. A dress hat of white silk turned up in front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. 7. A hat of striped plush, with a bow of the same in front. 8. A hat of white satin turned up all round; a rose-coloured bow in front. 9. The Duchess of York's hat, made of geranium silk quilted; a feather in front.

General Observations—The prevailing colours are geranium, rose, blue, and purple. The dresses continue to be made very low, and the sleeves quite plain with lace let in; lace tuckers

drawn round the bosom. Pelices of all colours are universally worn, but black velvet or light blue kerseymere are the most genteel.

PARIS.

Parisian Fashions. — The most fashionable flowers are daisies, more frequently white than coloured. The *Tituses* are out of fashion; and all the ladies appear to have long hair. A great many wear wigs, or demi-wigs with flesh-coloured stripes. The millinery work consists of spangled muslins, or Turkish stuffs, silk and gold, flame-coloured scarlet, poppy, amaranthus, brown, yellow, &c. Ear-rings in the shape of a pear, of amber or coral are the fashion. A muslin veil, falling to the right and left, is often worn over the head-dress. The robes in the upper part form a heart; so that the first view of the neck is on the angle of the breast.

ESSAY

ON THE STAGE.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat------
HORACE.

THERE has no practice been more frequent, than declamation against the injurious effects of prejudice. The sincerity of these declamations may, however, be estimated by ex-

amining the opinions and the pursuits of mankind. In no one instance is this prejudicial principle more exemplified than in our estimation of the profession which is the subject of this paper.

The world is ready enough to allow, that whatever contributes to its amusement is of importance.* When this amusement, however, may be, and frequently is, accompanied with improvement in those attainments which render man more estimable and more happy, the instruments of this should be proportionably respected.

That the stage, under its present regulation, is, in some measure, successful in this desirable co-operation, is, I believe, true. That it might be much more so, is certain. I should wish to endeavour at pointing out the means likely to bring this about.

It is unnecessary, in this place, to go into an historical or mythological disquisition on the origin of dramatic entertainments. We know, from the etymology of the word tragedy, that they, at first, made part of the religious worship of the times. Even so late as the period of our Milton, they were under the title of Mysteries, employed as explaining and illustrating the leading features of revealed religion.

* The influence of the stage, on national sentiment, was strongly seen in the late revolution in France. The democrats bestowed particular care in revolutionizing the different theatres of Paris; with what success need not be told.

The transition from blasphemous profanation to licentious indecency, was natural. From the period of the earlier writers of the reign of Charles II, down to Congreve and Farquhar, the stage has, too frequently, been debased into a scandalous agent to stimulate those passions of the human breast which require rather the bridle than the spur.* I shall not dwell farther on this subject, or enter into the question, how far the necessity of pleasing the town, as it is termed, can apologise for so gross a fault. How far it can excuse a wilful breach not only of those laws which should govern literature in general, but more particularly that branch of it which is supposed to have a decisive effect on the morals and manners of a nation. To shew the strength of that torrent of public taste, which carried away all that came within its vortex, I need only say that even Shakespeare, whose towering genius must have spurned, if left to itself, to borrow the aid of such an auxiliary, was obliged frequently to stoop to the grossest obscenity to gain the applause of his hearers.

From hence, through the insipidity of what has been termed sentimental comedy, and its immediate successor, farces in five acts, we follow public taste to its present childish extravagance. Was the shade of Garrick, from the banks of his "Lethe," to revisit Drury-Lane,

* "The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
"Who fairly puts all characters to bed."
Pope, speaking of Mrs. Behn.

how would he be astonished to find that stage which once re-echoed the energy of Shakespeare or the pathos of Rowe, crowded with the phantoms of the nursery. To find tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, amalgamated into one monstrous compound: and the "What do you call it," of Gay, no longer a caricature, but a portrait. To find the creations of a diseased imagination dressed up in all the gloom of German superstition, to frighten Englishmen into admiration: or to see these sombre tints relieved but by noise and shew; or the glitter of an illuminated garden from the tales of the Fairies.

The world appears not less incorrect in its taste, as to theatrical entertainments, than unjust and erroneous in its treatment and estimation of theatrical performers. I should have little hesitation in pronouncing the profession of an actor to be nearly the most difficult of any other to arrive at real eminence in. To qualifications only to be bestowed by the hand of nature, acquirements of art, the most various and the most difficult of attainment, are to be superadded. From nature must be received an advantageous person,* an expressive countenance, a flexible voice; memory, judgment, discrimination; an imagination adequate to a perfect conception of his author's meaning, and

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* The actor's province they but vainly try,
Who want those powers, deportment, voice, and eye. *Lloyd's Actor.*

powers sufficient to give out that conception to an audience, must be combined.

An enthusiastic impulse towards his profession, is as necessary on the one hand as on the other, a sound judgment to regulate and chasten it. To render a tragedian perfect, independent of dignified deportment, boldness and grandeur of conception, pathos, variously modified to existing circumstances, a knowledge of history, mythology, antiquities, is absolutely necessary. In comedy I need scarcely say, that, besides lively and vigorous feelings, which must be the ground-work of eminence in this branch, an intimate acquaintance with existing as well as obsolete manners, ease, freedom, gentility, together with a practical acquaintance with human nature, in her various gradations, are required. It is almost unnecessary to add, that certain external accomplishments, as fencing, music, dancing, are necessary to fill up the idea of a finished performer.

When such and so various are the qualifications necessary in an actor, the very attempt, unless defective in the last degree, is entitled to our indulgence and approbation. The man who, at the risk of incurring the consequences of absurd and unjust prejudices, abandons more certain modes of emolument, to aim at contributing to the public gratification, perhaps the public improvement, deserves, if his character is unstained, a considerable share of estimation. Indeed, the very circumstances under which he comes forward, confined to a spot where he has neither the power of resistance, or the means

of justification, render what, in other respects, might be a justifiable exertion of criticism, an act of equal cruelty and cowardice. I believe every person of manly and generous feeling, who concurs with me in these reflections, will not hesitate in pronouncing such illiberality as I have endeavoured to stigmatize, when directed against the softer sex, an act of brutal outrage.

It cannot be denied, that many theatrical performers have been, and perhaps still are, censurable on the head of morality. Exposed, by the nature of their profession, to fatigues, not only excusing but requiring restoration and refreshment, their necessary habits of association must produce habits of conviviality. The periods of these relaxations, will also considerably tend to lay them open to occasional abuse. How many individuals of other professions, perhaps more numerous than the Bacchanalian aggregate of even a royal theatre have indulged, and, perhaps, still indulge, uncensured licentiousness, without drawing down an individual, much less a collective, stigma! But by obsolete injustice, an actor or actress is termed a vagrant! This phrase is much more applicable to many in situations of more presumed respectability. Is it to Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, such a word is to be applied? It is more ridiculous and disgraceful to those who give, than to those who receive it.

General reflections, against any class of society, have been pronounced as illiberal as they are unjust. It might be worth while to consi-

der whether, in the present instance, they have not been the cause, rather than the consequence, of the careless conduct of many of the profession.

It is well understood, by those who have the care of education, as well as by others, whose opinions are of weight sufficient to produce an effect on conduct and manners, that giving an individual credit for presumed good qualities, not seldom converts them into real ones. What, then, must be the effect of a directly-opposite conduct? Of beholding faults through the magnifying end of the glass, whilst we invert it in our view of those virtues which even prejudice cannot avoid acknowledging! Yet this, I apprehend, we, in a great measure, practise with respect to theatrical performers. We magnify necessary expenditure into culpable extravagance! Turn our eyes from acts of munificence, self-denial, from a faithful discharge of the minor duties of life, of the sacred obligation of parent, husband, child, to contemplate defects we ourselves are, in a great measure, the causes of! We first shut them out, in a considerable degree, from the more regular intercourse of respectable society, and then wonder that an actor or actress is so seldom to be found, but associated with each other, in parties of presumed exclusive conviviality! And, again, such is our inconsistency, after giving some of them salaries enormous and unexampled, we wonder that such profusion is occasionally abused. The author of the Citizen of the World, has well observed, that a vagabond, with a thou-

sand a year, is a phenomenon! Nor must we forget his advice, to abridge their infamy and their incomes.

Till these effects are brought about, by what must be a gradual operation of the good sense of the public, a new theatrical performer, will have more than the mechanical difficulties of his profession to struggle with. From the causes above recited, he will have the contagion of example, the relaxation of morals, to contend with. Independent of the self-satisfaction and utility of this propriety of conduct, it will materially serve him in the public estimation: and, by tending to rescue the profession from censure, will contribute to bring about that change of public sentiment towards it, I have ventured to point out.

It is a very mistaken notion, that the profession of the stage is an idle one. There are, perhaps, few requiring a greater and more constant mental, as well as bodily, exertion. Sobriety, diligence, study, will, therefore, be indispensable to a young performer, who is ambitious of arriving at the top of his profession. Nor is he to argue from the examples of a few, who, by accident, novelty, caprice, have arrived at an ephemeral eminence, without those other qualifications which only can render it permanent.

It is no less necessary for an actor than an author, to accurately and impartially investigate to what his genius and abilities, rather than his inclination, point. Without this discrimination, we should have found Bannister continue,

all his life, shut up within the pasteboard armour of a tragedy hero; and Miss Farren struggling in vain to depress the vivacity of comic excellence to the plaints of Juliet, or the burlesque sufferings of Belvidera.

But the great precept to be constantly kept in the actor's mind, is an invariable aim at the simplicity of nature, both in utterance and deportment. Without this, his most scientific and skilful performances become but disgusting exhibitions of artifice and stage-trick. To see the passions pumped up with factitious energy, and thundered out with outrageous declamation and extravagant action, is something more than disgusting. Yet thus do we see the modesty of nature and the good sense of an audience nightly outraged; and this even by actors of some professional estimation.

This fault certainly, in a good measure, rests with those whose depraved taste can be pleased with such caricatures of passion. Why this extravagant and unnatural energy should be judged necessary on the stage, is not easy to conceive. As a mirror of life, instead of shewing a resemblance of an archetype, it produces a portrait, monstrous in outline, and overcharged in colouring. Many of the tragedies we daily see, abound in domestic scenes, where, one would suppose, the actor or audience need not be told that such extravagance is totally inadmissible. Even where the Dii majores of the stage, the heroes and kings of tragedy appear on the scene, those who are acquainted with human nature will feel that energy and rant are

not the same; and that the dignified deportment of conscious superiority, is but ill supplied by a theatrical strut.

It has been very beautifully, but very falsely said, that stage performance should, in some measure, resemble scene painting; where the glare of candle-light, and a distant point of view, make the soft tints of oil-painting appear indistinct and languid: and that the sharpness and strong contrast of water colours are necessary to produce an effect. The best answer that can be given to this, is that what is unnatural can never be necessary or pleasing. One of the greatest perfections of Mr. Garrick's inimitable acting, is said to have been this captivating simplicity and apparent absence of art; a merit that seems to be almost the only requisite for tragedy which the present Mr. John Kemble is defective in. How often, amid the bombastic violence of the scene, has an actor been even himself surprised at striking out a sudden beauty, which has received the enthusiastic applause equally of the scientific and the vulgar, the applause of the heart. If this has been examined, it will invariably be found to have been some passage where stage situation has literally got the better of professional art;* and pulled the actor from his stilts, to the level of feeling and of nature. An elevation of voice proportional to the extent of the audience, will, of course, not come under any of the above

* "Natura expellitur furca," &c.——HORACE.

censures; but this should be carefully regulated. I believe a slow, distinct, clear utterance, in a minor tone, more likely to reach even the extremities of a theatre, than a hurried roar.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Great Public Characters.

NO. 13.

THE EARL OF HARRINGTON.

AT the present important crisis, we feel great pleasure in being able to lay before our readers some memoirs of this distinguished nobleman, who has held a very conspicuous military situation during nearly thirty years; throughout which space of time he has always acquitted himself with the greatest honour to his character, and service to his country. He was born in the year 1753. His father was a general in the British armies, and commanded one of the troops of the old horse guards. During the late king's reign he was secretary of state, and succeeded Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1747. In 1770, the present lord procured an ensign's commission in the foot-guards; and in 1774 he joined the twenty-ninth regiment of foot lately returned from America, as captain, and had the command of the light company. General Sir William Howe, having invented a set of manœuvres for light infantry, his majes-

ty ordered them to be practised; and seven light-companies were assembled at Salisbury for the occasion, in the summer of 1774, among which was that commanded by Lord Harrington. His majesty went to Salisbury to see them, and was much pleased with their utility aud the mode of execution. These manœuvres were intended chiefly for a woody and close country, in which an army cannot easily act in line. They were all done from the centre of battalia, grand-divisions, and sub-divisions, by double Indian files; and are six in number. The whole are described in Williamson's Elements of Military Arrangements. But the present system of light-infantry manœuvres are different from those of Sir William Howe. In the beginning of 1776, Lord Harrington, then Viscount Petersham, exchanged his light-company for the grenadier-company of the twenty-ninth. In February, that year, this regiment embarked at Chatham, for Quebec, on board the Isis, Surprise, and Martin, ships of war, and four transports; and by the twenty-ninth of May following, they arrived at Quebec, where they did duty, and waited till the arrival of the army from Europe, under the command of Major-general Burgoyne, when the whole was ordered up the river St. Lawrence, in pursuit of the Americans. On the eight of June, the Americans attempted to cut off the troops in the town of Trois Rivieres, which they thought was occupied by a small body of men, but they met with a warm reception, and retreated into the woods. The twenty-fourth regiment, ten com

panies of grenadiers, and the same number of light-infantry, were formed into an advanced brigade, under the command of lieutenant-colonel Fraser of the 24th foot, appointed brigadier-general. This brigade landed at Sorel, and pursued the Americans up the river Richlieu, to Chamblée and Fort St. John, at which place the latter embarked, in batteaux, for l'Isle au Noix. The advanced brigade encamped at Fort St. John, until vessels could be procured to follow the Americans. As soon as the armament was completed, part of the 29th battalion companies embarked on board the ships of war as marines; and on the 11th and 13th of October, actions took place between the British fleet, under Commodore Crew and Admiral Pringle, and the Americans, commanded by General Arnold; in all of which the British were victorious. The advanced and first brigades, with the artillery and remainder of the 29th, were in batteaux, and soon joined the fleet at Crown Point, where the 29th detachment had landed, and taken post in the ruins of Fort Frederick. The army immediately encamped, but the weather setting in very cold and stormy, Sir Guy Carleton thought proper to defer the attack of Ticonderago till the following spring. The army re-embarked, and sailed the 2d of November, the fleet bringing up the rear. On arriving in Canada, the army was ordered into winter-quarters. The advanced brigade was cantoned on both banks of the river St. Lawrence, from Montreal downwards. Lord Petersham's company was quartered at

Verchere. The 29th battalion garrisoned Montreal, to which place his lordship often went to see his friends. In the spring of 1777, Lieutenant-general Burgoyne was appointed to command a detachment of Sir Guy Carleton's army, destined to Cross Lake Champlain, for the attack of Ticonderago, and to effect a junction with the southern army. This army, after encountering the greatest difficulties, and disputing every inch of ground with the Americans, infinitely superior in number, was obliged to throw down their arms by the convention of Saratoga.

During this active campaign Lord Petersham acted as aid-de-camp to General Burgoyne, and his services in that arduous capacity were particularly noticed by that general. Indeed, his lordship was on the most intimate footing with all the general and other officers, particularly Brigadier-general Fraser, who often declared that Lord Petersham would be one of the first officers in the British army. After the disastrous issue of the campaign, Lord Petersham was sent to England with General Burgoyne's dispatches, by the way of New-York, and no person in the army could have been chosen more proper to give his majesty every information on the subject than his lordship. Shortly after his lordship's arrival in London, he purchased a company in the foot-guards. In 1779, Lord Petersham succeeded to the title of Earl of Harrington, in consequence of the death of his father; and shortly after that event he married Miss Fleming, daughter and co-heiress

of Sir Michael Fleming, Bart, a lady of large fortune, and most amiable manners, who has long ranked high in the esteem and favour of the queen. The intention of the French to attack our West-India possessions, being very evident, letters of service were issued, about this time, to raise a number of new regiments, one of which was given to his lordship, who soon completed it as the eighty-fifth; and shortly after embarked with it as lieutenant-colonel commandant, for Jamaica. Major-general Sir Archibald Campbell, was at that time governor of the island, and assisted by his lordship, he modelled his little army in a masterly manner. In the arrangement, his lordship was made a brigadier-general, with the command of the flank companies of all the regiments. The great mortality which prevails, more or less, in the West-Indies, particularly in the time of war; soon reduced the gallant corps sent from England, to a small number. The eighty-fifth regiment, one of the finest ever landed on any of our tropical islands, suffered severely; and his lordship's health, from his great military exertions, being injured, he returned to England, accompanied by Lady Harrington, who insisted on sharing the fortunes of her husband, amidst the danger of the sea, the perils of war, and the unhealthiness of the West-Indies. On Lord Harrington's return to England, he met with a most gracious reception from his majesty, (whose discernment in military matters, and attention to deserving officers, form conspicuous traits in his character) who was pleased

to nominate him one of his aid-de-camps, which gave him the rank of colonel in the army. Lieutenant-general Calcraft, of the sixty-fifth foot, dying shortly after the arrival of Lord Harrington, that regiment was presented to his lordship, which he immediately joined, and on its being ordered to Ireland, he embarked with it, his amiable consort still accompanying him. While on Dublin duty, he had the command of that garrison, and possessed the confidence of the Duke of Rutland, then lord-lieutenant, in an eminent degree. It was during this time that Lieutenant-general David Dundas, then adjutant-general of the Irish army, wished to bring forward the system of tactics which is now adopted in our service. Lord Harrington, whose knowledge of the military art was inferior to none of his standing, approved highly of it, and immediately, with the Duke of Rutland's approbation, tried it with the sixty-fifth; the progress that well-disciplined corps made in these tactics, and the evident utility to be derived therefrom in execution, steadiness, celerity, and order, was fully exemplified at the time, which induced other regiments to follow its example, and in a short time it became general in both kingdoms. In June, 1792, this system was, by his majesty's orders, directed to be implicitly followed by every regiment in the service. In 1785, his lordship's regiment being ordered to America, he obtained his majesty's permission to return to England, and for the first time since his entrance upon a military career, enjoyed the tranquillity of leisure, and

the sweets of a domestic life. He passed a few months of the winter in London, but chiefly spent his time at his seat in Derbyshire, where he was enabled to pursue the study of his profession, assisted by one of the most valuable libraries of military authors in this kingdom. During his lordship's retirement in Derbyshire, a circumstance took place highly flattering to his character. On the death of Lieutenant-general Evelyn, colonel of the twenty-ninth regiment, the Earl of Harrington had expressed a particular wish to succeed to the colonelcy of that regiment. It was, however, previously disposed of to Lieutenant-general Tryon. In January, 1788, the death of this officer occasioning a second vacancy, an express was immediately sent by the secretary at war to Lord Harrington, at his seat in Derbyshire, notifying, that his majesty, bearing in recollection the former wish of his lordship, had appointed him to the regiment. A few weeks after his appointment, his lordship went down to Worcester to see his regiment, which had returned from America in the November preceding. The joyful reception he experienced from his old friends on that occasion was equally pleasing and honourable to him. During the period of Lord Harrington's command of this regiment, the nation was happily in a state of peace. Many opportunities, however, occurred, in which the talents and exertions of his lordship were conspicuously displayed. His regiment was honoured by the peculiar commendation of his majesty for their steady disci-

pline and regular conduct at Cheltenham and at Windsor, at which places it was stationed during the royal residence. At the latter, the regiment was continued in garrison for three years, a circumstance which particularly distinguishes it, as no regiment had ever remained so long on that duty. In December, 1792, his majesty was pleased to confer an additional mark of his regard upon Lord Harrington, by appointing him colonel of the first regiment of life-guards, with the gold stick. As an infantry officer, the army in general knew his lordship's splendid talents; but as he was now called to a new mode of service, which he probably only was acquainted with from theory, his intimate friends were in some measure apprehensive for the honour of his reputation; but their fears were groundless, as his subsequent conduct has evinced. At the promotion of general officers in 1793, his lordship was made a major-general. During the active campaigns on the continent, his lordship applied to his majesty, that he might be sent with his regiment to serve under his Royal Highness the Duke of York; but his appointment of gold stick rendered this wish nugatory. His majesty, however, being desirous of becoming acquainted with certain matters on the continent, and the operations of the army, particularly the British, sent Lord Harrington on a private mission to the Duke of York, with whom he remained for a short time. His lordship has since been made lieutenant-general, and is now second in command on the London staff, his Royal Highness, field-mar-

shal, the Duke of Gloucester being first, and has also been made a privy-counsellor. Lord Harrington is deservedly honoured with the friendship and attention of all the royal family, and, with his lady, constantly of all the private parties at the queen's house. The Duke of York has a very great friendship for him, and, it is confidently said, pays much attention to his opinion in military matters in every part of the economy of an army. Whether for the garrison or camp his lordship stands unrivalled. The present sword of the army was first introduced by Lord Harrington, adopted by his Royal Highness in the Coldstream-guards, and since by his majesty's orders in all regiments. In private life, Lord and Lady Harrington are a most honourable instance of domestic happiness. They are blessed with a numerous family, and are examples of conjugal and parental virtue. His lordship's eldest son is a captain in the Coldstream guards, and a nobleman of very promising parts. Lady Harrington was in the year 1799, by her majesty, made one of the ladies of her bed-chamber. His lordship affords a remarkable example of friendship, charity, and humanity. He has never failed in his attachment and assistance to his old friends, who, by unforeseen events, have required his relief. Numerous are the instances of his public and private charities; the indigent widow and orphan have often partook of his bounty. In every regiment he has commanded, his attention and humanity to the sick among the

troops, their wives and children, have been almost unprecedented.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE been a Subscriber to your entertaining work ever since its commencement, and have derived much pleasure from the perusal of it, more especially that particular department which is appropriated to the "Beauties of the Drama."—Being in the habit of frequenting the theatre, I freely confess that I have never witnessed any performance by which I have been so much interested, as that entitled "*John Bull; or, An Englishman's Fire-Side,*" from the pen of Mr. Colman. The general estimation in which this very valuable production is held, is a convincing proof of its intrinsic merit; and, however quaint the title may appear to those who have never been present at its representation, I am induced to consider it extremely appropriate. The moral sentiment with which it abounds must come home to the bosom of every auditor; and, while it *justly lashes* the follies of the fashionable classes of society, it is equally successful in delineating that honest bluntness which is the true characteristic of an Englishman. There is a scene, (if my memory serves me right) in which this *trait* is exemplified in a very masterly manner: where Sir Simon Roch-

dale appears in his library as a country justice, (and in conversation with his clerk I believe), to whom Job Thornberry, an honest brazier, applies for redress, in a grievance of no less magnitude than the seduction of his daughter; it is to the following effect:—

Sir Sim. Remember, the money must be ready to-morrow, Mr. Pennyman.

Penny. I shall, Sir.

Sir Sim. (*to* Job) So, friend, your business you say is ———and Mr. Pennyman, give Robin Ruddy notice to quit his cottage immediately.

Penny. If he does, Sir Simon, it certainly will be his ruin.

Sir Sim. He ought to have recollected that, before he ruined his neighbour's daughter.

Job. *(starting)* Eh!

Sir Sim. What ails the man?—His offence is attended with great aggravations—why don't he marry her?

Job. Aye—certainly. [*emphatically.*

Sir Sim. Pray, friend, be quiet.

Penny. That would only distress her more; he's not able even to maintain the living consequences of his indiscretion.

Sir Sim. That doubles his crime to the girl—he must quit—I am a magistrate, you know, Mr. Pennyman, and it is my province to discourage all such immorality.

Penny. Your commands shall be obeyed, Sir Simon.

[*Exit.*

Sir Sim. (*to* Job) Now, your's is justice-business, you say—you should come at a more seasonable time, and I have somebody else waiting for me, so be quick—what brings you here?

Job. My daughter's seduction, Sir Simon; and it has done my heart good, to hear your worship say, it is your business to discountenance all immorality.

Sir Sim. To be sure it is—but men like you should not be too apt to lay hold of every sentiment which falls from the lips of justice, least you misapply it: it is like an officious footman snatching up his mistress's perriwig, and clapping it on again, the hind part before.—What are you?

Job. A tradesman, Sir Simon; I have been a freeholder in this district many years.

Sir Sim. A freeholder! Zounds! one of Frank's voters, perhaps, and of consequence at his election—*(aside)*—Won't you, my good sir, take a chair?

Job. Thank you, Sir Simon, I know my proper place; I didn't come here to sit down with Sir Simon Rochdale, because I am a freeholder; I came to insist on my right because yon are a justice.

Sir Sim. A man of respectability, a tradesman, and a freeholder, in such a case as yours, had better seek satisfaction in a court of law.

Job. I am not rich now, Sir Simon, whatever I was once.

Sir Sim. A magistrate, good friend, can't give you damages; you must fee counsel.

Job. I can't afford an expensive law-suit, Sir Simon; and, begging your pardon, I think the law never meant that an injured man, in middling circumstances, should either go without redress or starve himself to obtain it.

Sir Sim. Whatever advice I can give you, you shall have it for nothing; but I cannot leap over justice, hedges, and ditches. Courts of law are broad high roads, made for national convenience; if your way lay through them, it is but fair you should pay the turnpike—Who is the offender?

Job. He resides on your estate, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Ah! a tenant? Then I may carry you through your journey by a short cut; let him marry your daughter, my worthy friend.

Job. He will not.

Sir Sim. Why?

Job. He is about to marry another.

Sir Sim. Then he turns out—the rascal shall not disgrace my estate four-and-twenty hours longer — injure a reputable tradesman — my neighbour, a freeholder—and refuse——Did you say he was poor?

Job. No, Sir Simon; and, by the bye, if you don't stand in his way, it is possible he may be very rich.

Sir Sim. Rich! Eh; zounds, is he a gentleman?

Job. I have answered that question before, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim Not that I recollect.

Job. I thought I had been telling you his conduct.

Sir Sim. Umph!

Job. I reckon many of my neighbours honest men, though I cannot call them gentlemen: but I reckon no man a gentleman that I cannot pronounce an honest man.

Sir Sim. Hark'ye neighbour, if he's a gentleman, (and I have several giddy young tenants with more money than prudence,) let him give you a good round sum, and there's an end.

Job. A good round sum? Dam'me I shall choak—*(aside)*—A ruffian with a crape puts a pistol to my breast, and robs me of forty shillings—a scoundrel with a smiling face creeps to my fire-side, and robs my daughter of her innocence—the judge can't allow restitution to spare the highwayman; then, pray, Sir Simon, (I wish to speak humbly,) pray don't insult the father by calling money a satisfaction for the seducer.

Sir Sim. This fellow must be dealt with coolly, I see. Justice, my honest friend, is——— is justice———As a magistrate, I make no distinction of persons. Seduction is a heinous offence, and, whatever is in my power, I——

Job. The offender is within your reach, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Well, don't be hasty, and I'll take cognizance of him—we must do things in form—but you mustn't be passionate—*(goes to the table and takes up a pen)*—Come, give me his christian and sur-name, and I'll see what's to be done for you.—Now, what name must I write?

Job. Francis Rochdale!

Sir Sim. (drops the pen, looks at Job, *and starts*

up)—Dam'me if it isn't the brazier!—Confusion!

Job. Justice is justice, Sir Simon. I am a respectable tradesman, your neighbour, and a freeholder—seduction is a heinous offence—a magistrate knows no distinction of persons—and a rascal must not disgrace your estate four-and-twenty hours longer.

Sir Sim. I believe your name is Thornberry?

Job. It is, Sir Simon; I never blushed at my name, till your son made me blush for yours.

Sir Sim. Mr. Thornberry—I heard something of my son's——a——little indiscretions some days ago.

Job. Did you, Sir Simon. You never sent to me about it, so, I suppose, the news reached you at one of the hours you did not set aside for *justice.*

Sir Sim. This is a——a very awkward business, Mr. Thornberry, something like a hunch back—we can never set it entirely strait, so we must bolster it.

Job. How do you mean, Sir Simon?

Sir Sim. Why, 'tis an unpleasant affair, and ——we must hush it up.

Job. Hush it up! a justice compound with a father to wink at his child's injuries! If you and I hush it up, Sir Simon, how shall we hush it up here?—*(striking his breast)*—In a word, will your son marry my daughter?

Sir Sim. What! my son marry the daughter of a brazier!

Job. He has ruined the daughter of a brazier—if the best lord in the land disgraces himself

by a crime, you can't call his atonement for it a condescension.

Sir Sim. Honest friend, I don't know in what quantities you may sell brass at your shop, but, when you come abroad, and ask a baronet to marry his son to your daughter—curse me, if you are not a wholesale dealer!

Job. And I can't tell, Sir Simon, how you may please to retail justice, but, when a customer comes to deal largely with you, you shut the shop-windows!

Sir Sim. You are getting saucy: leave the room, or I shall commit you.

Job. Commit me! you will please to observe, Sir Simon, I remembered my duty till you forgot yours—You asked me at first to sit down in your presence; I knew better than to do so before a baronet and a justice of peace; but I lose my respect for my superior in rank, when he is so much beneath my equal in fair dealing. And, since the magistrate has left the chair—*(slams the chair into the middle of the room)*—I'll sit down in it—*(sits down)*—There, 'tis fit it should be filled by somebody—and, I will not leave the house till you redress my daughter, or I shame you all over the country.

Sir Sim. Why, you impudent mechanic—I shouldn't wonder if the fellow called for my clerk, and signed my mittimus—(*rings the bell*)—fellow, get out of that chair.

Enter SERVANT.

Job. I shan't stir; if you want to sit down, take another; this is the seat of justice—its the most uneasy for you of any in the house.

Sir Sim. Tell Mr. Rochdale to come to me instantly.

Serv. Yes, Sir Simon—hee, hee, hee— [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Don't stand grinning, you booby, but set off.

Job. (*reaching a book from the table*)—"Burn's Justice."

Sir Sim. And how dare you take it up?

Job. Because you have laid it down. Read it a little more, and then I may respect you—there it is. [*throws it on the floor.*

Enter FRANK.

Sir Sim. So, sir, prettily I am insulted on your account.

Frank. Good heavens, sir, what is the matter?

Sir Sim. The matter—(*points to* Job)—lug that old bundle of brass out of my chair, directly.

Job. He dare as soon leap into one of your tin-mines. Brass——there is no baser metal than hypocrisy, he came with that false coin to my shop, and it passed, but see how conscience nails him to the spot now!

Frank. (*to* Sir Simon) Sir, I came to explain all.

Sir Sim. Sir, you must be aware that all is explained already. You provoke a brazier almost to knock me down, and bring me the news of it, when he is fixed as tight in my study as a copper in the kitchen.

Frank. (*advancing to* Job) Mr. Thornberry.

Job. Keep your distance—I am an old fellow,

but if my daughter's seducer comes near, I'll beat him as flat as a stew-pan.

Frank. (*still advancing*) Suffer me to speak—and————

Job. (*rising from his chair, and holding up his cane*) Come an inch nearer, and I will keep my word.

I could, gentlemen, enter at a greater length into the merits of this piece; but the fear of tiring your patience, induces me to close my communication, by just observing, that, considering the sterile state of the drama at the present day, *John Bull* must certainly be classed among the first-rate performances on the British stage. I am,

Your most obliged Friend, T. H——.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMA FOR SOLUTION.

SEE the wise heads around me sit,
Each with each contending,
Frowning now, now sporting wit,
With satire never-ending.

The prize I hold which all would gain
By skill they practise well;
Their dearest friend they view with pain,
When honours with him dwell.

'Tis I the nation's weal sustain,
By me the tradesman thrives;
Adventurers hope by me to gain
Enough to keep their wives.

But when their schemes too far they bend,
And with ill fortune play,
They're sure to suffer in the end,
And throw their life away.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Tuesday, January 3d, was represented for the first time, an allegorical ballet, called, *Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper*; got up under the direction of Mr. Byrne; the music by Mr. Kelly. This spectacle (which is taken from the Children's Tales) is truly interesting and magnificent: the subject, however, is much fitter for an entertainment with dialogue than a pantomime, it being both simple and moral, therefore ill calculated for the buffoonery of clowns and pantaloons. We understand that the piece was dramatised, and offered to the managers of this theatre, but rejected by the late acting manager, (Mr. Kemble) because it was rendered *probable*; and the present *improbable* ballet peferred, wherein the parts of the story

which should be adhered to, are shamefully omitted, and the unnatural business of the mice, &c. introduced. The piece opens with Venus, Cupid, &c. characters quite foreign to the original, and Venus is very injudiciously made to supply the place of the old godmother: the introduction of Pagan gods was not only superfluous, but ridiculous in a fable of this domestic nature. We must also reprobate the second title, the *little slipper* would have been sufficient, and more becoming a theatre royal, as *glass* too far exceeds the bounds of probability. Notwithstanding all these blemishes Cinderella has many attractions, and is very happily pourtrayed by Miss Decamp. The music is also pretty. It has been every night since represented to overflowing houses.

Mrs. Jordan has made her appearance, for the first time this season, in several of her favourite characters, particularly Mrs. Sullen, in "The Beaux Stratagem;" Widow Belmour, in "The Way to Keep Him;" Corinna, in "The Confederacy;" Belinda, in "All in the Wrong;" and Miss Hoyden, in "The Trip to Scarborough."

COVENT-GARDEN.

No other novelty yet appeared. The Second Part of Henry the Fourth has been revived. It was to have been performed January 9, but in consequence of the indisposition of Cooke the play of "The Provoked Husband," was then substituted.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR,

By Henry James Pye, Esq. P. L.

1.

WHEN, at the Despot's dread command,
Bridg'd Hellespont his myriads bore
From servile Asia's people'd strand
To Græcia's and to Freedom's shore—
While hostile fleets terrific sweep
With threatening oar th' Ionian deep,
Clear Dirce's bending reeds among
The Theban Swan no longer sung ;*
No more by Isthmus' wave-worn glade,
Or Nemea's rocks, or Delphi's shade,
Or Pisa's olive-rooted grove,
The Temple of Olympian Jove,
The Muses twin'd the sacred bough,
To crown th' athletic victor's brow ;
Till on the rough Ægean main,
Till on Platea's trophied plain,
Was crushed the Persian Tyrant's boast,
O'erwhelm'd his fleet, o'erthrown his host,

* See Pind. Isth. Ode viii.

Then the bold Theban seiz'd again the lyre,
And struck the chords with renovated fire:
" On human life's delusive state,
" Tho' woes unseen, uncertain, wait;
" Heal'd in the gen'rous breast is every pain,
" With undiminished force, if Freedom's rights
remain.*

II.

Not so the British Muse—Tho' rude
Her voice to Græcia's tuneful choir,
By dread, by danger unsubdu'd,
Dauntless she wakes the lyric wire:
So when the awful thunder roars,
When round the livid lightnings play,
The imperial eagle proudly soars,
And wings aloft her daring way.
And, hark! with animating note
Aloud her strains exulting float,
While pointing to th' inveterate host,
Who threat destruction to this envied coast:
" Go forth, my sons—as nobler rights he claim,
" Than ever fann'd the Grecian patriot's flame,
" So let your breasts a fiercer ardour feel,
" Led by your Patriot King, to guard your country's weal."

III.

Her voice is heard—from wood, from vale, from down,
The thatch roof'd village, and the busy town,
Eager th' indignant country swarms,
And pours a people clad in arms,
Numerous as those whom Xerxes led,
To crush devoted Freedom's head;

* See Pind. Isth. Ode viii.

Firm as the band for Freedom's cause who stood,
And stain'd Thermopylæ with Spartan blood;
Hear o'er their heads the exulting goddess sing:
"These are my favourite sons, and mine their warrior King!"

IV.

Thro' Albion's plains while wide and far
Swells the tumultuous din of war,
While from the loom, the forge, the flail,
From Labour's plough, from Commerce' sail,
All ranks to martial impulse yield,
And grasp the spear, and brave the field.
Do weeds our plains uncultur'd hide?
Does drooping Commerce quit the tide?
Do languid Art and Industry
Their useful cares no longer ply?
Never did Agriculture's toil
With richer harvests clothe the soil;
Ne'er were our barks more amply fraught,
Ne'er were with happier skill our ores, our fleeces wrought.

V.

While the proud foe, to swell invasion's host,
His bleeding country's countless millions drains,
And Gallia mourns thro' her embattled coast,
Unpeopled cities, and unlabour'd plains.
To guard and to avenge this favour'd land,
Tho' gleams the sword in every Briton's hand;
Still o'er our fields waves Concord's silken wing,
Still the Arts flourish, and the Muses sing;
While moral Truth, and Faith's celestial ray,
Adorn, illume, and bless, a George's prosperous sway.

THE LAWYERS' DEFIANCE.

TO oppose *birds of prey* we take *birds of a feather*;
To meet French Chicane here's the LAW *altogether!*
A more terrible band were ne'er muster'd before,
For the humourists style us "the devil's own corps."

If the French should "*a Latitat*" choose when they land,
We have still our old trick of "*a Capias*" at hand:
But should they more bold, take the country at large,
What troops in the world are like us—at a *charge?*

They tell us "for plunder they visit our coast;"
We trust on that score they'll have little to boast;
For tho' in destruction they've always been steady,
English property's safe:—we've secured it already.

The FRENCH are ill-clothed and may want our sheeps' wool;
Leave the skin but for parchment—we'll soon be skinfull;
And our uniform boasts this advantage to boot,
E'en the wearers lament—there's no end of *our suit.*

"Threats of shedding our blood" may affright us they think,
What are torrents of blood to—a bottle of ink?
Well arm'd as they are, we're as terrible still,
And one weapon we boast more tremendous—the *quill.*

Let us treat then these French like our clients—as sport,
And beg them to come, if they dare—into COURT;
The COSTS will be *theirs*: while our boast is and pride,
That ENGLISHMEN still have the LAW on their side.

I. O. U.

A NEW LOYAL SONG,

BY A CORNISHMAN.

BRITONS to arms! advance!
Scorn the vain threats of France;
March to the field.
Boldly your foes defy,
Fearless to let them, fly,
Bravely resolve to die,
Rather than yield.

Is there a heart so cold,
That could unmov'd behold,
Britain's last sigh?
Could you with Gallia's ire,
Towns ravag'd, sword and fire,
Murders and rapine dire,
Basely comply?—

Arm to preserve your lives,
Children, and friends and wives—
Ev'ry thing dear.
Merit the world's applause,
Defend your country's cause,
Religion, King, and Laws,
All you revere.

Rally round the Throne;
George makes your fate his own,
He'll face the foe.
If as the Consul boasts,
France should invade our coasts,
To rout her furious hosts,
Boldly we'll go.

Then let us join to sing,
"God save great George our King,"
"Long may he reign."
May slav'ry ne'er defile
Britannia's happy Isle;
But peace and plenty smile,
On her domain!

I. C.

Literary Review.

Letters to a Young Lady on a Course of English Poetry. By J. Aikin, M. D.

POETRY has in every age possessed its peculiar charms; from the age of Homer, and Hesiod, down to the present day. There is a certain something in the human mind capable of receiving delight from the power of numbers; and it must be acknowledged, that its effects have on some occasions almost exceeded credibility. It is, therefore, a pleasing employ to review these writers, whose strains have been thus adapted, time after time, to entertain and instruct mankind. But as an early formation of a good taste is essential to the due relishing of poetry, so the present work must prove highly useful to the rising generation. It prevents us from mistaking deformities for beauties, and it lays the mind open to all the charms of correct and animated versification.

Dr. Aikin has undertaken this task, and has executed it with his usual judgment and ability. Cowley, Dryden, Waller, Addison, Swift, Pope, Young, Milton, Akenside, Gray, Col-

lins, Spenser, Thomson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Johnson, Beattie, Cowper, and Moore, passed under distinct review. The observations are in general very just and appropriate. They are, indeed, the result of an enlightened judgment, and will be acceptable to that numerous class of readers, who delight to expatiate in the regions of poetry. At the same time we are of opinion, that the work would have been still more valuable were more frequent extracts given, from the poets whose works are thus frequently criticised. The remarks are communicated to this young lady under the idea of her having a collection of the English Poets in her possession. Now so large, and expensive a work, is within the reach of few, though we readily confess, that such a collection will always form a part of every well constituted library.

Letters of a Mameluke; or, A moral and critical Picture of the Manners of Paris, with Notes by the Translator; from the French of Joseph Lavallee, of the Philotechnic Society, &c. Two Volumes.

UNDER every possible shape, or form, has an account of France been communicated to the inhabitants of this island. As it is well known that Buonaparte brought home with him Mamalukes from Egypt; one of these outlandish gentry is here made to draw a sketch of the country into which he has been thus transplanted. The letters are ingeniously written, and appear to have been faithfully rendered

into our language. Some of the observations are striking; here and there we meet with some ludicrous touches; but, taken in the whole, we did not meet with much fresh information concerning that distracted and oppressed country.

The Pleasures of Nature; or, The Charms of Rural Life; with other Poems. By David Carey.

FROM a poetical preface we learn that this humble son of the muses offers his effusions to the public, with a degree of modesty which has interested us in his favour. The Pleasures of Nature, composed after the manner of Spenser's Fairy Queen, or Beattie's Minstrel, or Thomson's Castle of Indolence, presents many excellent stanzas, breathing the inspiration of poetry. We are pleased with the plan and execution.

Elegies, both plaintive and burlesque, parodies, miscellaneous pieces, and songs, constitute the remaining part of the volume, and make up a pleasing variety. The engraving, prefixed to the volume, is poetically imagined, and well engraved. The songs in the Scotch dialect shew the author to be an inhabitant of North Britain.

Harry Clinton; a Tale for Youth.

THIS story is not an original production, but extracted by Miss Hays from Brooke's Fool of Quailty. We know that this novel has been

much read and admired, and we are of opinion, that by making selections from so celebrated a production, a service is rendered to the rising generation. There is simplicity and nature in the narrative, and with these qualities the young mind will be both instructed and delighted.

The editor says, that " The *Fool of Quality* abounds with real genius, and genuine feeling, but so obscured by fanaticism, and extravagance, that it has sunk into neglect." We see no ground for this charge, and some proof of its truth ought to have been adduced. Books will never continue to be read with the same eagerness with which they are perused on their first publication. And we hope that a work is not to be branded with fanaticism, because it aims, by means of the christian revelation, to enlighten and meliorate the world.

Scenes of Youth; *or, Rural Recollections, with other Poems. By William Holloway.*

THIS writer having published a poem, called the *Peasant's Fate*, where he commiserates the miseries of poverty, and the calamities of war, means in these pages to draw a comparison between private and public life, and to contrast city and country modes and manners. This his plan he has executed in blank-verse; he touches on a great variety of topics, and in a style pleasing and impressive. We are naturally partial to *the scenes of youth*; we often advert to them, and this retrospective glance, not unfrequently, soothes those perturbed emotions of

the mind, which arise from the cares and bustle of the world.

The other pieces are short, and generally convey some moral for the improvement of the mind. *Edward and Joscelin*, an eclogue, as well as the *Adieu and recall to Poetry*, are pieces of merit; they possess pathos and simplicity. The frontispiece is elegant and attractive.

The Revolutionary Plutarch; exhibiting the most distinguished Characters, Literary, Military, and Political, in the recent Annals of the French Republic; the greater part from the original Information of a Gentleman resident at Paris. To which, as an Appendix, is reprinted entire, the celebrated Pamphlet of "Killing no Murder." In two small Volumes.

THE French revolution has not only given birth to a variety of extraordinary characters, but it has produced a variety of extraordinary publications. Indeed, they cannot fail of being singular in their contents, when they profess to record the deeds of personages, who have acted such a fearful tragedy on the theatre of the world.

The work, dedicated to the shades of Louis the Sixteenth, and Edmund Burke, contains the lives of Moreau, Sieyes, Fouche, Barras, Rœderer, Volney, Pichegru, Riouffe, David, Talleyrand, Soult, Dumas, Dufour, St. Hilaire, Loison, Van Damme, Augereau, Lasnes, Massena, Andreossi, Bruix, the Buonaparte family, and Buonaparte's sisters. A very considerable

portion of information is given, respecting the rise and origin of the above persons, throwing no small light on the politics of these latter times. But we are, at the same time, shocked at the relation of those deeds of blood, and ferocity, in which they have been engaged. Indeed, we know not how to yield credence to every part of the narrative; for the honour of human nature we would wish it to be false, at least we would fain believe the account exaggerated. Revolutions, however, are horrible things. They may be termed political earthquakes; and, like some violent agitation of the globe, which is sometime recovering its former stability, society, when *revolutionized*, is not soon laid to rest. Let us, therefore, from the contemplation of such awful changes in other nations, learn to estimate more fully the civil and religious advantages of our own highly-favoured country.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

AT the commencement of a NEW YEAR we would wish to take a cheerful view of the world in which we are destined to live, and to turn our attention to that particular aspect of affairs which augurs most favourably towards its welfare and felicity.

But alas! WAR still drives its ploughshare o'er creation: the din of arms still prevails—

our countrymen clad in scarlet, and armed with firelocks, are standing on the defensive—are ready to repel from our shores a cruel and an inveterate enemy. For all this preparation there is still an imperious necessity. Indeed, during this last month BUONAPARTE, with his plundering legions, were expected, but he is again returned from the coast to Paris; this probably is nothing more than a feint, designed to amuse and perplex. Our wisdom, therefore, as well as duty, will be to preserve our defensive posture—at no time to relax our vigilance, but to continue watching the movements of the foe with increasing attention and activity.

The approaching meeting together of both HOUSES of PARLIAMENT will give rise to a variety of important discussions, relative to our national welfare and prosperity. Never, indeed, was there a period in the annals of Britain which called for the exercise of a greater portion of wisdom and ability. We hope, therefore, that the several members, forgetting party animosities, will unite in rendering some essential service to the nation. This is not a time for private bickering or open violence; we must repel the invader; we must persevere in those necessary measures of defence which have been already taken with so much alacrity; we must consecrate our entrance upon a NEW YEAR by joining heart and hand in the salvation of our country.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

1. THE Loyal Britons, Volunteers, are supplied with blankets, &c. and informed by Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, their commandant, that they must keep every necessary in constant readiness for any emergency. Such was the expectation of the speedy arrival of the enemy.

3. Thomas Milwood, being mistaken for a ghost at Hammersmith, was shot by Francis Smith, an Exciseman; for his trial and condemnation at the Old Bailey see another part of this number of our Miscellany; he has, however, been since pardoned by his majesty, upon condition of one year's imprisonment.

5. A shocking accident happened in the Strand to one of the frail sisterhood; for quarrelling with another of them, she was pushed down, a hackney-coach passing by at the time rolled over her! Even the horses had trampled upon her; both her jaws were broken to pieces, her legs cut, and altogether deplorably mutilated. She was taken to the hospital, but there was no hope of her recovery.

7. A splendid entertainment given by the Harmonic Society, at Bath, to the ladies. They assembled at 7 o'clock, when, after having been entertained with glees, &c. the bugle horn sounded at ten o'clock, which introduced them to the supper-room, where were all the delica-

cies of the season. A military band attended. and every thing was conducted with harmony and regularity.

10. A singular circumstance took place at Winchester: one of the beacons appeared lighted, when the volunteers of the city started from their beds, and were in arms! The enemy was thought to be on the coast, but the alarm ended in disappointment.

14. Ann Hurle, a genteel young woman, tried at the Old Bailey for forgery on the Bank of England, of which she was found guilty. The court was crowded. The prisoner was seated the whole time, but never lifted up her eyes from off the ground; she, indeed, seemed deeply affected with her calamitous condition.

15. Fall of snow in the north so great that all communication is suspended. The Glasgow mail was stopped at Catterick-bridge for twelve hours, till a passage could be cut, which was seven feet deep, so great, and absolutely formidable, was the obstruction.

16. Mrs. Lee forced out of her house, in Piccadilly, by two brothers, the Rev. Lockart Gordon, and Mr. Lauden Gordon, both lately come from Jamaica. They were traced to Gloucester, where the lady and her gentleman were taken and brought to town. The other brother is also taken into custody, and both of them have undergone several examinations. The clergyman has behaved rudely before the magistrates, which he justifies by saying, that he has been very ill treated. The lady, who is beautiful, and of a large fortune, is married,

but lives away from her husband; she is a most singular character; the whole affair has made an uncommon noise, and will continue to engage the public attention.

17. In addition to the ghost which has troubled Hammersmith, and occasioned the fatal accident there, another has been said to appear under the shape of an *headless woman*; and a third ghost is reported to have appeared at Deptford, rising out of a grave, and asking for *a pot of beer!* It is a pity the author of these tricks can not be found out, and receive condign punishment.

18. Queen's birth-day kept with the accustomed tokens of cheerfulness and festivity.

25. Reports in town that Buonaparte intends not directly to invade the country, but that he means to assemble an immense number of gun-boats, with which to surround our men of war, and destroy them! A most curious manœuvre, and worthy of the quixotic expedition which he has long meditated; his restless genius, it is to be hoped, will seal his own destruction.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JAMES Edward Ford, Coleman-street Buildings, London, Factor. John Lewis, Lamb's-buildings, Bunhill-row, Carver and Gilder. Thomas Ratford, Bermondsey-street, Surrey, Cheesemonger. Michael Pilley, Thorne, York, Grocer,

James Mills, Wood within Saddleworth, York, Dyer. William Pearce, Bunhill-row, Victualler. James Lang, Wakefield, Yorkshire, Merchant. Dennis Wright, Saxlingham, Norfolk, Miller. Porter Shepherd, Lynn, Norfolk, Draper. George Ryiah, York, Tea and Chinaman. John Mosman, Lawrence Poultney-lane, Merchant. John Oates, Burringham, Lincoln, Jobber. Conrad Bornecker, Birmingham, Merchant. William Mac Alpine, Aldersgate-street, London, Merchant. Michael Richold, Brighthelmstone, Sussex, Wine Merchant. William Benstead, and John Clark, Halesworth, Suffolk, Maltsters. Joseph Pyall, late of Sittingbourne, Kent, Shopkeeper. James White, Newnham, Gloucester, Patten-ring maker. George Phillips, Brook-street, Ratcliffe, Timber Merchant. William Brown, High-street. St. Giles's, Hatter and Hosier. J. Thomas, Spread-Eagle-court, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Merchant. John Edgar, Blackburn, Dealer and Chapman. Thomas Hamerton, Lyng, Norfolk, Paper-maker. John Brockbank, Keswick, Cumberland, Dealer. John Scott, and Charles Stewart Bissett, Liverpool, Merchants. Richard Badcock, Marcham, Berkshire, Maltster. Henry Loftus Hodson, Huntingdon, Merchant. Thomas Barker, Brickwall, Herefordshire, Victualler. John King Corder, of Rotherhithe, Maltster. Thomas Hall, Berwick-upon-Tweed, Merchant. Edward Davies, Ivy-lane, Furrier. James Saunders, Charlotte-street, Old-street-road, Builder. Joseph West the Younger, late of Charles-street, Covent-Garden, Tailor. Joseph Wheeler, Blackheath, Kent, Miller. Tho. Everett, and Joseph Bishop, late of Wells, Norfolk, Ship-builders. James Axon, Manchester, Calico Manufacturer. William Hazell, late of Ramsbury, Wilts, Mealman. Lewis Roberts, Blanavan, Monmouth, Timber Merchant. John

Briggs, of Yarmouth, Slopseller. Lewis Cohen, Gower's-row, Goodman's-fields, Leather Manufacturer. Hugh Moore, Ironmonger-lane, Merchant. Isaac Henry, Liverpool, Shopkeeper. John Gould of Harvington, Worcestershire, Paper Manufacturer. George Taylor, Leek, Staffordshire, Shopkeeper. John Swan, Wapping Wall, Mast and Block-maker. Thomas Clayton, Town and County of the Town of Kingston upon Hull, Printer. John Laurie, Brentwood, Essex, Draper. John Green, and James Landsborough, Manchester, Haberdashers and Partners. Samuel Tinniswood, Pentonville, Middlesex, Currier. William Beatson, and John Beatson, Saint Mary at Hill, Merchants. William Webster, Fore-street, Linen-draper. James Hamilton, and William Turkington, Finch-lane, London, Merchants. Samuel Marton, St. Alban's, Corn-dealer. David Maitland, Wigan, Lancaster; Walter Campbell, London; and Wm. Wright, Liverpool, Cotton Manufacturers Benjamin Stephen Curling, Portland-place, Clapham-road, Stone-mason. Thomas Dunn, Trowbridge, Wilts, Clothier. Thomas Martin, Coleman-street, and John Henry Ford, Coleman-street-buildings, London, Wool Brokers. Hugh Moore, Ironmonger-lane, London, Merchant. Thomas Dowding, John Lowe, and Samuel Bishop, Wood-street, London, Hatters. Thomas Porter Banner, New-court, Crutched-friars, Merchant and Insurance Broker. Hugh Emmett, Manchester, Colourman. John Nettleship, Moorgate, Nottingham, Baker. John Saunders, Painswick, Gloucester, Money Scrivener. James Widdows, Manchester, Calenderer. Aylmor Stopes, Britwell Prior, Oxford, Dealer and Chapman. John Mason, Snow-hill, London, Shoemaker. Alice Whitley, Hampson Mills, near Bury, Lancaster, Woollen-dyer. Peter James Papillon, Saint Swithin's-lane,

London, Merchant. Mark Noble, of Narrow Wall, Lambeth, Merchant. William Benstead, of Hasleworth, Suffolk, Maltster. James Kearsley, Bolton, Lancashire, Cotton Manufacturer. John Crabb, James Crabb, William Crabb, and Nicholas Larkham, Wilton, Wiltshire, Clothiers. Henry Hewitt, Henry Roch, and Thomas Postelthwaite, Sheffield, Silver-platers. John Patrie, Kempton, and John Ward, Hanworth, Middlesex, Dealers. John Rudge Upcott, Bedminster, Somerset, Grocer. John Polley, St. Giles, Oxford, Sacking Manufacturer. Thomas Jarrett, Evesham, Worcester, Innholder. William Chivers, Stepney Causeway, Middlesex, Mariner. Thomas Gregory, Tabernacle Walk, St. Luke, Plumber. James Henry Champion, Gravesend, Grocer. Wm. Tomlins, Bridge-road, Lambeth, Coach-maker. James Finden the younger, Clipstone-street, St. Mary-lebone, Carpenter. Fortescue Bate, Vigo-lane, Printseller. Abraham Compert Emdin, Portsmouth, Shopkeeper. Benjamin Betts, and Ann Smith, Basinghall-street, Factors. Thomas Bushnell, Westminster-road, Wheelwright. Charlotte Thomas, New Bond-street, Milliner. Edward Merson, Ilminster, Somersetshire. J. Price, Finsbury-square, Merchant. T. Emerton, Stony, Stratford, Grocer. T. Winterburn, Whixley, Yorkshire, Shopkeeper. Wm. Bosmo, Christopher-street, Finsbury-square, Merchant. T. Smith, Gould's Hill, Ratcliffe-highway, Linen-draper. J. Chapman, Nottingham, Hosier. J. Ringrose, York, Vintner. T. Mast, Tempsford Mills, Bedfordshire, Miller. E. A. Vince, Colchester, Merchant. T. otherwise T. S. Reddish, Bucklersbury, Warehouseman. J. Townsend, Borough, Wine-merchant. W. Beales, Bermondsey-street, Flour-factor. R. Colls, Woodford, Essex, Corn-dealer. M. Robbins, and C. Robbins, Birmingham, Shopkeepers.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN JANUARY, 1804.

MARRIED.

LATELY, Major Plunkett to Miss Gunning, authoress of several interesting productions, and translator of Fontenelle's Plurality of worlds, just published.—John Le Mesurier, esq. major in the 29th regiment, to Miss Perchard, daughter of Alderman Perchard, of Chatham-place.—At Tadcaster, Mr. John Bailey, shoemaker, aged 78, after a tedious courtship of seven days, to Mrs. Hague, his fifth wife, aged 51.—At Dundas Castle, Sir Wm. Pulteney, of Westerhall, bart. aged 80, to Mrs. Stuart, widow of A. Stuart, esq. aged about 30.

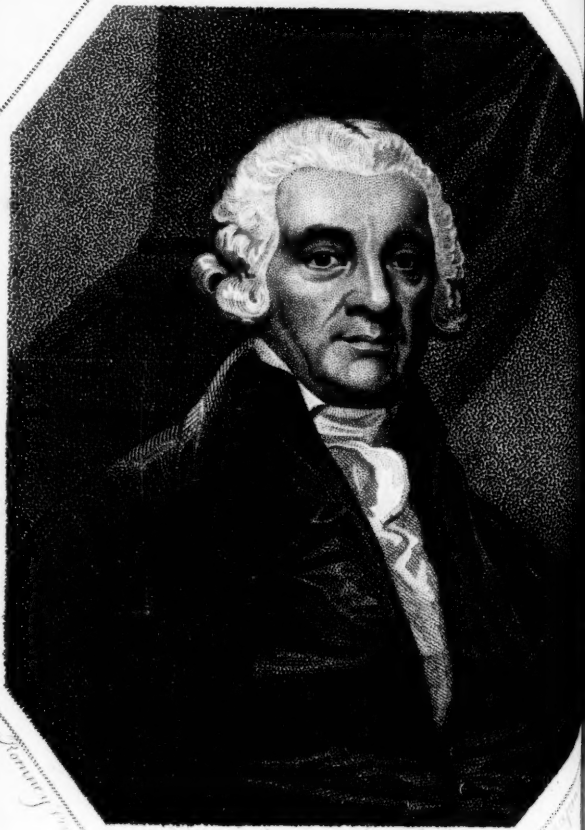
DEATHS.

IN Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, the Countess of Talbot, aged 43. Her ladyship was daughter to the late Earl of Hillsborough, and sister to the late Marquis of Downshire, as well as the present Marchioness of Salisbury.—Thomas Elde, esq. in his 88th year. He was one of the Registers of the Court of Chancery, and sat in court as such under Lord Talbot, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Northington, and Lord Camden; and in the year 1765, was appointed Keeper of the Books of Entries of Decrees and Orders of the Court, and Master of the Report Office, which he has held ever since.—At the Hot-Wells, Bristol, Charlotte Viscountess Bolingbroke.—In Cleveland-row, Robert Drummond, esq. banker, at Charing-cross.—At Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 73, the Right Hon. Leonard Holmes, Baron Holmes, of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick.—In Saville-row, after an illness of many months, her Grace the Duke of Ancaster.—At Montpelier, his

Royal Highness Frederick, Duke of East Gothland, uncle to the present King of Sweden.—Mr. T. Pollard, of the Bay Horse Inn, near Preston. His death was occasioned by too freely rearing his chair while in conversation, whence it was carried beyond its equilibrium, and in his fall he pitched on his elbow, which brought on a mortification, that ended in his death within three days after the accident.—At Bawtry, Mr. Barker, formerly a farmer in that neighbourhood. For some time before his death, his mind had been so absorbed by avarice, that although he possessed landed property to a considerable amount, he was continually complaining of poverty; and a short time ago actually borrowed six guineas of a gentleman to relieve his exigencies. On his demise, however, there were found concealed in the seat of the arm-chair, 1000 guineas; in his bureau, a bag containing 500 on which was a label, with the word "Sound," implying that they were of full weight; in another bag, 500, not quite so heavy; and several other sums to a considerable amount, including Bank-notes, with a large quantity of silver. Near Wesburton, Mrs. Bennet, a widow lady, who had carefully secreted 1000 guineas in an old shoe.

To Correspondents.

The Editors of the Monthly Visitor have only to observe that it will be seen, by the contents of the present number, that many of their Friends have been attended to; and at the same time, earnestly to assure T. H. that the pernicious principles laid down in his communication, obliged them to reject it. It may, as he observes, have cost him very considerable pains in the production, but this reason can have no weight in their consideration.



Abraham Newland Esq.